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AUGUST 13, 1979

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Unwrapping a star:
Quebec's enigmatic
Carole Laure



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE Maclean's

AUGUST 13, 1979

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Attila the Hun

Margaret Thatcher has topped the prime minister's office for only three months but the British coal service has already bestowed on her the title of Attila the Hun

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Zimbabwe on their mind

Prime Minister Joe Clark has become a target of criticism during the Commonwealth leaders' efforts to reach a compromise agreement on Zimbabwe Rhodesia

Page 24



COVER STORY

The allure of La Laura

Propelled to global attention by her role in *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, actress Carol Leary is now in vogue as a goal in itself of becoming a star. Feeling completely comfortable in front of a camera certainly helps. But while Leary's photogenic features and exceptional acting ability have already transformed the girl from Shawinigan into a curiosity of sorts, she refuses to talk about her private life

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Swept away

Ballooning enthusiasts descended upon Grande Prairie, Alberta, for Canada's first national ballooning championships in a sport featuring lofty heights of popularity

Page 23

At the hustles

Ottawa-born crooner Phil Anka swept in and out of his native land in a veil of parties. At 38 he has become a strolling showman—and an accomplished disco dancer

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Books

Attila the Hen calls it open season on civil servants and gobbledygook

Margaret Thatcher has moved on from the days when, rarely appearing to be Britain's first female prime minister, she attracted the adoration around the world—even in the Soviet Union—of "Iron Lady." Now that she is into her fourth month as Downing Street, the Conservative leader is becoming known around Whitehall as somewhat less flattering, if equally evocative terms. The wittiest handle so far is "Attila the Hen" (with "Deputy Queen" bent runners-up), which seems aptly to summarize Mrs. Thatcher's respect on civil servants and ministers faced with the alien phenomenon of a woman in the seat of Gladstone, Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

"She gives the civil servants hell," said one colleague recently. "She writes these brusque, concise memoranda accusing them of woolly, waffley, stylized thinking, and they're absolutely terrified of her. Yet in a funny sort of way they admire her—she really does do her homework."

Thatcher has no patience with the faintest verbiage beloved of civil servants from the Pentagon to Brussels and, faced with some cloudy example of European such as "convergence," she is apt to tell ministers to go away and put it into English. Two of her favorite epithets are "buzzy" and "wet." In cabinet meetings her approach is light years removed from the traditional, gentlemanly policy of listening to ministerial viewpoints and then summing up the stack in a pre-arranged warning, when she said, "As prime minister, I couldn't waste time having any internal arguments." It has been said that she once told long-winded chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe to "shut up," and has rebuffed her youngest cabinet minister, Energy Secretary David Howell, to tears.

Key cabinet figures such as Home Secretary Willie Whitelaw are expected to smooth the newspaper atmosphere of Thatcher's ministerial sessions, but even they are unlikely to blunt her widely reported conviction that she has some kind of mission to deliver Britain and the British economy from its long slide into the pit. (She has even been said by irreverent aides to "hear voices.") The combination of Joan of

Arc and Attila should at least ensure that life will not lack excitement behind the pious portals of Whitehall and Westminster.

A s elegant—or at least glamorous—version of McCarthyism, Red-baiting has been ruffling feathers in the academic establishment this summer. At the heart of it is that wily trio of Burgess, Maclean and Philby—Gay Burgess and Donald Maclean being two well-connected diplomats who defected in the early 1950s, and Kim Philby, the eminent foreign-office man who tipped them off and later fled to Moscow himself.

The current catalyst is a new book called *The British Connection*, which speculates not only on a possible fourth man in the affair, but names scores of candidates from the Who's Who of science, education, diplomacy and the arts—not all of them safely dead. Forewarned by lawyers, author Richard Denson—a grandson of far former Sunday Times foreign manager Donald McClelland—scattered the names throughout the book, making no attempt to link them directly with allegations of spying. Nevertheless, their mere presence in a book subtitled *Spies' Manipulation of British Individuals and Institutions* should have been



Philby in Moscow, a fourth man?

enough to raise hairs on any publisher's neck.

Sure enough, a lined suit landed on publishers Hamish Hamilton from Sir Rudolf Peierls, a former professor of physics at Oxford and a distinguished atomic scientist. Not only did McClelland evidently state in his book that Peierls had died, but he also alleged that Peierls had been strongly suspected of spying for the Soviets. The book was swiftly withdrawn for amendment and Sir Rudolf was given "substantial damages" in a high court action, along with an apology from author and publisher.

If that weren't enough, the hapless tome had already been savaged in a review by crusty historian A. J. P. Taylor, who thundered, "No more preposterous book has ever been written." He ended by saying that, in view of his own left-wing convictions ("I went to Russia for a month in 1935 and visited the horse fur at Nijni Novgorod . . . In 1961 I spent a weekend with Donald Maclean . . ."), he was "deeply hurt at being left out."

Carol Kennedy

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The allure of la Laure

By Wayne Gregory

A far as filmstars go, it wasn't outrageous at all. Had it been Hollywood, it would have been at least a black lung and fully loaded, bare, tv, stereo, the works. But, after all, this was Grand Mère, Québec, so Carole Laure was swept onto the set of her latest film, Gilles Carle's *Paroles*, in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes-Benz 300 SL—one of the more restrained models, a five-speed, fuel-saving diesel. Still, it was a hint. And that says a lot about the changes in the Canadian film industry. It's okay to be a star now. And Carole Laure, by all the conventional yardsticks, is a star.

If the kept songbooks, Laure could fill a couple with the rave reviews for her starring role in *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, the French film that walked off with this year's Oscar for best foreign film. It also picked up the best film of the year award from America's prestigious National Society of Film Critics. Back home in her Montreal apartment, you could estimate the scraps she has been offered by the bushel; these pasticks suitable for a stamp collection. She is gorgeous, blessed with a hauntingly beautiful face and one of the few bodies anywhere that looks best unadorned. Playboys has offered her her starring role since 1972. She's smart enough to turn them down, along with offers she got to do films like *The Color Sky of the Mountains* and *The Story of O*, box-office winners but critical disasters.

But for star or for type, film-making is always a game of hard up and wait. On this hot, shimmering, sunny morning in the rolling hills north of her native Shawinigan, Carole Laure is waiting for the prop men to recreate a bank of pines to erupt from their eyes as red. So far the birds have only appeared one by one, and without enthusiasm. There's a waiting, the producer's pacing, and the star is waiting—not so patiently. Discreet wires are attached to the cage and the birds are given a wee peek from the generator. Nothing. A basket of water is touched and shaken across the bottom of the cage. Suddenly motivated, the pigeons bare out of the cage, surprised but undamaged, and best of all, they do it in picture-perfect form. Hums and hushes, then, as to the next sequence, clouds of Canada geese reacting to the pigeon flight,



Laure in 'Paroles', the little girl from Shawinigan lights up the world of film.

from a camper-trailer window.

As technicians rig up their next camera platform, Laure pines next to Carle's trailer, a one might expect, and fraile, with a trace of street-smarts hunch to her shoulders. Jet black hair hangs in five or six thin, tight braids that circle her head and dangle on the collar of her pale green brocade jumpsuit. She pines and tamps, pines and tamps, positively itching to climb inside the trailer, peer out the rear window and connect with the movers.

"I'm completely comfortable in front of the camera," she says. "It's a kind of consciousness. It's through this big machine that millions will see me."

"It's a quality all the great ones seem to have," notes cinematographer François Pérault, "an ability to feel at home in front of a big crew, in the midst of lights, cables and all the other paraphernalia, sometimes with a crowd looking on, and still be as comfortable as fish in water."

Director Gilles Carle, with whom Laure has had a long and fruitful collaboration dating back to 1972—the time of her first major film appearance, in his *Le monde d'enfance* (Earth of a Childhood)—this time has cast her

as the star of a travelling musical troupe called Fantasia. Having instigated the release of the pigeons, Laure's character is supposed to peer out the back window and watch in awe and delight as the birds flutter off, all the while taking instructions from Carle who is crouched under the window. "You're looking out the window, that's it . . . but I want a little more interior light . . . then you see the pigeons . . ." Laure is lighting up the perthole, her face animated and alive with wonder. "Yes, yes, you're inspired . . . good. Good. Then you look off at Paul." Laure's fine cheeks and nose, a lightning shift in mood. "Good! Super!" moves Carle. "Don't move too much," he cautions, "we're in a very tight closeup."

It's in the closeups that Carole Laure turns her healthy face. Few other actresses—or actors—in the world can create as complicated, contradictory and compelling a world with just a look. She commands a glare that flies millions like insects on a pin, a glance that's as hair-raising as a Basquiat's, a snarl that promises unquenchable mental pleasure. With eyes wide open and smiled, Laure can give an intense long-remembered. She can use those eyes to advantage both on and off the screen. A glare is as good as a tantrum when chiding a production assistant, a stare is enough to discourage metaphor-seekers.

In a monologue for a stage show she mounted with Lewis Furey, her live-in collaborator, Laure candidly, if not bravely, stated that one of the things she most liked in life was water herself in a tight closeup to giant screen. "I'm postcoital. It's a gift," she shrugs. "I want to use it to seduce millions. I want to make contact with the world."

That contact is made all the more attainable through working with cinematist like Gilles Carle, who is such a good friend. He is one reason for her recent return to Canada, for she adds "I'll go wherever there are good, intelligent films with something to say being made. I'm not here I want to work with the greats. Do you realize how spoiled I am, so he having films made here for me? [People here] sent his work at Cannes, he's got a worldwide reputation. It's an actor's dream! In each film we've made together, he's taken something in my character, my background and made it into film. If you took the films we've made together



and put them end to end, you'd have my life. Not so much in the literal sense, but certainly in the emotional one."

Fantasia is yet another aspect of the Carole Laure story. Despite being the star of the troupe, Laure's character (called Lema in the script) wants to be singing and everything else a mother, a broadcaster wailing up a protest, a lover to a noble philosopher, an activist fighting institutionalism, and the idol of thousands. "I want to have kids, two or three," echoes the real Carole Laure, "but I also want to spend my life working in film. I want to dance, I want to study, I want to travel." But then along comes another good project and she throws herself headlong into it.

Laure has learned from the unhappy experiences of Genevieve Bujold, whose contractual obligations forced her into occasional junk like *Earthquake*, to step very carefully around proffered scripts. But she will jump at a good prospect, and in fact, Laure had a lot to do with getting Fantasia before the cameras this year. At last year's World Film Festival in Montreal, she approached producer Guy Poirier and asked if he would produce it. "It was cocktail conversation, so I said, 'Sure,'" says Poirier.

On April 4 she called from Paris saying she'd found half the money, was 100 percent about the other half. "I said let me get back to you." "I want an answer right now," said Carole. He said, "Okay." The project is budgeted for \$2.5 million, a hefty sum for a French-language film, and much of it attracted by la Laure's deal at the ticket office. For her efforts Laure will bank between \$100,000 and \$150,000 plus a percentage of any profits.

The project had been sitting around since 1970, almost making it into production in 1977 under the title *Kiss*. But it was rebuffed by complications that will have brought warring and business in the close-knit world of Québec cinema. Carle and Laure had been living together since the days of *Le monde d'enfance*, collaborating on subsequent projects like *Les corps offensés* and *Le tour du monde de St. Gaspard*. Laure took a liking to the music of Lewis Furey (Gé Greenblatt), an anglo-Montrealer with a following in café and cabaret circles, a singer-songwriter whose music might be described as street-corner a cappella monty rock meets Kurt. Furey was invited to do the music for *Le site de Normandie St-Gaspard*, and out of that triangular collaboration blossomed the idea for a film about a travelling musical troupe. So did a love affair between Laure and Furey.

While waiting for the financing for the musical project to come through, Carle decided to do *La cage de la femme*,

a story about an angel (Porey) bringing a stranded girl (Laure) back to life, and their ensuing love affair. A minor film, shot for \$150,000 cash with a total budget of \$25,000, it nonetheless created quite a furor. The love scenes were underappreciated but explicit, and critics chuckled about the perversity of a macho-led film-maker watching his lover make love to another man under the pretext of art. Legends mushroomed about the tension on the set while the film was shot.

Laure bluntly refused to talk about it. "I won't talk about my private life in the pages of newspapers and magazines," she says. Porey glances at her, and only Carole is willing to discuss the matter. "Myths, they're all myths," he

says, "Laure went to school and, like all the other little girls in Shawinigan, could have grown up to be a secretary or a schoolteacher, or a wife. She left for Montreal at 18 and says her life really started at that point. For a year she taught school in Montreal but soon became involved with a theatrical troupe called Les Belles-Étrangères. Movie girls on the stage led to minor parts as the actress. Then came her audition for Gilles Carle in 1972, and that was the end of her beginning in the business."

Early features in newspapers spotted her surname "Lord." Legend in Shawinigan has it that she married one Serge

Porey, Laure, collaborators in love and art, they left Québec in a boat of gossip.



Lord, then ran off to the big city. That same legend has it that she's 34 years old. Laure denies it all. "They misapprehend the name in those early movies," she says flatly, and denies the marriage too—and existence of—a Serge Lord. She also denies being 34, but neither will she divulge her real age. Best estimates are that on Aug. 5 she turned 30, give or take a year.

An orphan, informally adopted by the Maréchal family in Shawinigan, she won't discuss her childhood beyond the fact that she shared the home and affection of her adopted parents with six other children. She took nine years of piano lessons, converted in the surround-

ing woods, went to school and, like all the other little girls in Shawinigan, could have grown up to be a secretary or a schoolteacher, or a wife. She left for Montreal at 18 and says her life really started at that point. For a year she taught school in Montreal but soon became involved with a theatrical troupe called Les Belles-Étrangères. Movie girls on the stage led to minor parts as the actress. Then came her audition for Gilles Carle in 1972, and that was the end of her beginning in the business."

Then there's the whole heretofore surrounding *Sweet Movie*, a film she did for cinematic wild man Dusan Makavejev, a frontal assault on sexual and political repression in the Western world. The shooting ended controversially, with Makavejev charging that Laure was misco-operative and unprofessional, and Laure countering that he had violated professional ethics. As a result, of course, the film attracted a great deal of attention at the '74 Cannes film festival. Again, Laure is extremely reluctant to discuss the matter, but she does say that *Sweet Movie* was her one un-

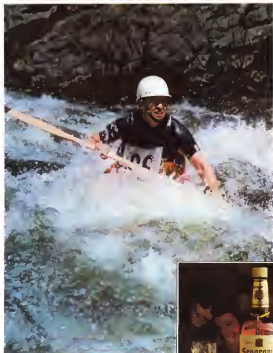
mistake. "I was not a professional experience."

Laure takes her work seriously. She doesn't go in for clubbiness as the set, preferring to talk only about the work at hand, and rarely with anyone outside the circle of people with whom she works directly. More often than not, her face is set in concentration or in silent repugnance. When off the set, she keeps up her piano and attends jazz ballet classes whenever she can. While shooting a film in Paris last year, she spent the day on camera with Yves Montand and the evening onstage at the Palace with Louis Porey, developing and being a superb stage show that was acclaimed by critics and public alike when it played Le Théâtre de Nouveau Monde in Montreal, and again when they returned to Paris to play Le Théâtre. Laure sang Porey's throaty, seductive tangos and ballads, played guitar and a little accordion and danced about the stage, a lively and energetic presence. "You have to be able to do a bit of everything, more and more," she says. "It's another string for my harp. Besides, I love Louis' music, the poetry of it, and we worked up interior monologues that I think had a great appeal for people. We were saying very personal and very true things. It had a vulnerability, that show."

Back on the set, and aware that an observing journalist will soon want an interview, Laure keeps a distance, shifting away when approached, reluctant to take time away from preparation and concentration. But when she finally consents to talk, she attacks the interview with an intensity that borders on the overwhelming. She leans forward and hammers away with critical ease.

"I want to be a star. I want to be one of the biggest. I want all sorts of offers... because that's when you start to develop some kind of independence. Being able to choose is a luxury. It's not like being a painter, where you can just pick up a canvas and go to work. You have to wait for the offers. I want to work with the really great directors, but there's no guarantee that they want to work with me. It's frustrating. I have a lot of energy, I can't be inactive. I'm in love with this industry."

Although forthright when she speaks of her career, as the conversation turns to her craft, Laure softens, her tone wondrously yet analytical. "What interests me in being an actress is taking an emotion and making it bigger, taking part of my personality and showing it up. I make it make it real, so real, it looks like a documentary. Did you see Diane Keaton in *Interiors*? No makeup, nothing to hide behind. In making films, the person who has the last moment of truth is the actor." ☐



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Frontlines

Life and death on a circular track

A hour before the chuckwagon racing begins, the Glass family, with various relatives in tow, heads for the horse barn at the High River, Alberta, rodeo grounds. Men, women and children swarm over the 36 Glass thoroughbreds, nuzzling, brushing, saddling, harnessing. Iris Glass, the 35-year-old matriarch of the family, scoops the last of the manure into a wheelbarrow, ducks back into her camper to change her shirt and cloths to the broadcast booth high over the crowded grandstand. Minutes later she's on the air, co-hosting a broadcast of the race for a local radio station.

The first race starts wildly. In the scramble at the starting line, the Glass outfit scooches off another wagon, which spins backward toward the starting line, moves down half a dozen spectators and comes to a smashing stop. The Glass women sisters, right-left and sisters off down the five-eighths-mile track. Driver Tom Glass, Iris' 30-year-old son, claims third place on the backstretch, moves into second, then, a hardbreath from the finish line, edges into first place, winning by a nose. In the broadcast booth, Glas is jumping up and down, pounding her fist, as though she were watching her first race.

"I've seen thousands and thousands of chuckwagon races," says Glas, a slim, blue-eyed blonde. "And every race I've seen was thrilling. It gets into your blood." She ought to know. Her father, Tom Louder, competed in the first chuckwagon race held, in 1963, and won the Calgary Stampede three times over the next 22 years. Iris joined him on the street when she was 20, married a champion driver, raised three racing sons and has an eight-year-old grandson learning to handle a team now.



Tom Glass driving chuckwagon, his Glas in broadcast booth, roughriding claim

"Everything we have, we owe to chuckwagon racing," she says. "Our farm, our home, our stock... everything." But chuckwagons have taken their toll on the family, too. In 1981, her 20-year-old son, Ted, was thrown and trampled to death during a race at the Calgary Stampede. Iris saw the accident as she and radio announcer Joe Carbury were broadcasting the race. But like her husband, Rose, who raced again the night of the accident, Iris is made of stern stuff. She continued broadcasting the Stampede.

"Ron wouldn't have wanted us to change our lives," she says of the accident. "He'd have wanted us to carry on, so we did." It was harder, she says, to handle an accident at the next Stampede, when her son Big was run over by a wagon. (Big retired to raising thoroughbreds after that. Glas's husband, Ben, has also retired, having won the Stampede four times, the Canadian championships five times and the

Cheyenne, Wyoming, championships three times.)

Chuckwagon racing goes back to the heyday of the big cattle drives, when outfits competed with each other to see who could break camp and reach the saw—the best-winning spot first. These days four wagons compete in a heat, each accompanied by either two or four outsiders on horseback. When the starting signal goes, the outsiders lead on the test poles and a box representing the stove, mount up and chase their wags through a figure eight and off down the track, trying to finish within 120 feet of their own wags. Wagons and horseback riders regularly collide with each other—three horses died in a crash at this year's Stampede.

"When you get working with horses, you just can't stop," says Glas. Every May the family is off to the races on the B.C. circuit and they don't usually get home again to High River until the North American championships there, Aug. 15 to 19, this year. Between the prize money, gate percentages and sponsor (the tag up to \$10,000 to have their name on a wagon), rigs can earn excellent money, says Glas. And most earnings go into Canadian pockets, since Canadians have always dominated the racing. There are no American rigs even entered this year in the Cheyenne championships at the end of July.

Win or lose, live or die, the Glas family's distinctive black and white checkerboard rig may well be racing through the dust of the dirt tracks for generations to come. Eight-year-old Jason Glas is already keen to get out on a track. And behind him, there's eight-month-old Cole, who does his riding in somebody's arms. But already he has the uniform—blue jeans and a big cowboy buckle.

Bonnie Zwarg

A little something for the boy

When you get right down to it, a defunct German law of inheritance, *Fideicommissum*, is the reason why a \$55-million tourist playground is springing up in Quebec's picturesque Gatineau Hills. The man behind the mammoth undertaking—two first-class hotels where cowboys will disco all day after days spent hurtling down ski slopes, riding horses or pummeling tennis balls—is a 42-year-old German baron. On his old-fashioned granddaddy's estate in Greveldingen, West Germany, he's known as Herr Baron von Wendt. To his new Canadian business associates he's just plain Karl. But he's a doting "pater" to his 17-year-old son, for whom the luxurious holiday is being built.

The feudal law of *Fideicommissum* (whereby the eldest son inherits his father's entire legacy as well as the responsibility for taking care of the rest of the family) was repealed by Hitler in 1937, but to von Wendt's family, whose gift-wrapped ancestral duties began in 1186, it is still gospel. The right of first birth fell to von Wendt himself in 1945, at age eight, and with it came the responsibility of looking after a family of about 38 people as well as an estate of 7,000 acres of land, a 47-room farmhouse and a pension bank account.

But being short of cash and a formal education did not slow down the baron—he raced to a European racing-car championship in 1967, driving under centurion for Lotus, Lola and Porsche. At the same time he became an expert scuba diver and sports-plane pilot. Then, in 1972, he borrowed money and settled down to a more serious undertaking—the building of a suitable inheritance for his eldest son, Karl Ludwig, now 18.

With the imaginative panache of a Walt Disney, the baron put together a \$35-million Wild West show in the heart of Idemhausen country, just a short pony ride from the family estate in central West Germany. And, in another 13 years, Karl Ludwig, after a stint in the German army and business school, will take up the mantle of the bucking broncos, stagecoaches, wagon trains, saloon and luxury hotel of his inheritance—named Fort Pax.

Being a 19th-century baron, von



Baron von Wendt, summer estate at Mont Cascades like father, like Santa Claus

Wendt decided to improve on feudal law by building a little something for his second son, Thomas, as well. The Wild West fresh in his mind, the baron high-tailed it to Canada for inspiration, and after travelling from the Maritimes to the Yukon, von Wendt heard about a 1,100-acre estate for sale near Mont Cascades, Quebec, 12 miles north of Ottawa. The grey-wool sweater perched atop locks sloping down to the Gatineau River reminded von Wendt of home, here young Thomas would never be homeless. And so the baron bought into Canada.

After finding that the estate came with 30 per cent of the shares in nearby

Mont Cascades, an unimpressive five-run ski hill, the baron decided to go for broke. In 1978, he bought out the other four shareholders and became the sole owner of Mont Cascades. He installed a 700-yard slide (which he had invented in 1922) to shoot visitors down the ski hill in summer. Then a variation on the famous Cresta bobbed up on St. Moritz was skinned down the slope. An \$500,000 ski lodge was completed last year, and in the works is a luxurious, Swiss-style hotel which will be accessible only by cable midway from the beach and parking area at the bottom of the cliff it's being built upon. Thomas has indicated that he will be quite pleased to take this empire off his father's hands when he comes of age.

Von Wendt is not dismayed by the skepticism who hint that his resort may never work. One of their number is John Graham, president of the Ottawa ski club (known as the world's largest), who says von Wendt "will have to work damn hard and invest a lot of capital to attract skiers to his area"—a state of affairs that is not lost on the baron. But if the universe unfolds as he envisions it, there will be even more attractions in the years to come. "I dream of opening a riverboat on the [Gatineau River] between Wakefield and Old Chelsea," he says.

Baron von Wendt is launching a serious family love affair with the Gatineau—so serious that he may not lose the small motor in the backcountry. It comes from this 18-year-old daughter, Boris, wondering just how far this *Fideicommissum* business is going to be stretched.

Marilyn Reed



The spirit of the Czar lives on. Wolischmidt Vodka is here.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolischmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolischmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolischmidt Genuine Vodka



The Case of the Missing Minister

By Roy MacGregor

It was so nicely in keeping with the annual sidewalk sale an Ottawa's Sparks Street Mall, where last week's new-minted energy portfolio was dropped out of storage and thrown into a brand-new sales pitch. Roy MacGregor was out of hiding, emerging just as the new government pulled off—some were saying smugged—its second month in office. And for those with long memories who could remember back to June 8, when Prime Minister Joe Clark handed Hnatyshyn the controversial energy portfolio, it meant *The Case of the Missing Minister* had finally been solved. The ending even had Cyril Symes, the New Democratic Party's energy critic, rubbing his hands in delight: "We buried him well—finally!"

Actually Hnatyshyn was forced out of hiding by his own office, by the very people who were supposed to be covering for him while he crammed an energy for upcoming election periods with the House—Saskatchewan's sitting Oct. 9. But on Wednesday *The Canadian Press* quoted an unnamed source in Hnatyshyn's office as saying Petro-Canada, the Liberal-created government oil company, was now persons not persons as far as the Tories were concerned in future energy deals. Hnatyshyn was forced to make a personal denial the same day, pointing out that Petro-Canada was very much involved with the government's current negotiations to buy 190,000 barrels of oil a day from Mexico. "There is no dissemination of Petro-Canada's role and activities at this point," the minister declared.

But the long silence had already hurt Hnatyshyn. "It is no time for a very reticent and elusive minister," argued Cyril Symes. "We're losing precious time." With only two firm commitments



Energy Minister Hnatyshyn, out of the hide-photo, and onto the firing line.

as his summer agenda, Hnatyshyn had loved out of both, one being a television interview and the other a speaking engagement at a \$300-a-ticket resources development conference in Saskatoon, which happened to overlap a cabinet meeting. To say nothing over those two months just past was, says Symes, "quite irresponsible." Since the cabinet case to power the base price of 1980 oil has risen by 35 per cent, the price of gasoline is up a dollar a barrel to \$13.25, more and faster rise in price have been threatened by the finance minister and the Americans have declared war on the energy crisis.

Part of the silent mystery was that Hnatyshyn's reputation had previously been one of courage and outspokenness. The theory that he was deliberately put under wraps was unavoidable. A top Tory strategist has admitted to Maclean's that Petro-Canada was "the one election issue we were afraid of being on the wrong side of" and that, coupled with Gallup poll released Friday showing that fully 68 per cent of Canadians favor keeping Petro-Canada (as opposed to only two per cent wanting to dismantle it), may mean that the Conservatives are making deliberately and re-evaluating yet another election promise.

The earliest anything will be known is Aug. 26 to 28 when the inner cabinet gathers at Jasper, Alberta, and Hnatyshyn is scheduled to present his energy policy. Then, finally, it will be the minister in charge, not the finance minis-

ter, speaking out on energy matters. "Hopefully," says one Hnatyshyn aide, obviously displeased with John Crosbie's dominance, "he will provide a little more depth." The test will be whether he can go deep enough to recover his political fortunes.

Pick yourself up, dust yourself off

After the polls closed and the votes were counted, Abbot's Gilliespie's assistant words best summed up the mood of the 13 Liberal cabinet ministers who fell to defeat on election night, 32 weeks ago. "Tonight, the tide went out," the former energy minister told his faithful supporters that black Tuesday. But last week, as their rejuvenated leader, Pierre Trudeau, went canoeing down the Humber and Thelon rivers in the Northwest Territories, the tides were changing for these 13 anachronistic—so recently political—superstars on Parliament Hill.

It's not that the fall collectors were at their doorstep—as one Liberal insider says, "An awful lot of them don't have to do anything if they don't want to"—but some needed new jobs more quickly than others. Like Otto Lang, the former transport minister who, last Saturday, headed for Winnipeg from Ottawa with his wife, one of their seven children, two cats and a dog, all piled into the family station wagon instead of a government Jetstar. There, Lang will be executive vice-president of Pioneer Grain Company, Canada's largest private grain firm. Now, looking back over his starry political career, Lang says, "I find no difficulty at all in enjoying being free of the burdens that political life can hold."

Further west, Iona Campagnolo, Trudeau's fitness minister, arrived in Vancouver last week to start her new job as



© GREGG DEGUZ



An elephant of a different color

When it first walked into sight along the banks of Halifax's Mallett Bay parade square between a group of beaming spectators and a string-guns-and-drum band, puzzled spectators weren't quite sure what to make of the 14-foot-high white elephant. The procession of children and adults passed by the parade float was what one spectator sitting on a radio-wireless car was busy pushing by a dozen "beating tapestries" accompanied by two adult and top-hatted

politicians with their hats held out for money. It was only when the elephant passed by and the words on the back of the cart, "Protest! Leprosy," became visible that parade watchers finally got the joke—and the message.

A girl veteran of the Ecology Action Centre, a Halifax-based environmental group, took command of the parade float, a group opposed to nuclear power. The parade float was what one spectator called "a socially acceptable and fun" protest against New Brunswick's controversial and costly nuclear power development at Point

A partytown on parade in Halifax: politicians with hats held out for money

Leprosy. The white elephant, which will be entered in carnival parades and book fairs throughout Nova Scotia this fall, even copied a plaque as the Halifax parade's most imaginative float—a plaque sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

So far there are no plans to enter the float in parades in New Brunswick where the nuclear power plant is a hot political issue, but the elephant may end up leading a more conventional environmental demonstration—a "nuclear-free" demonstration in front of the New Brunswick legislature building in Fredericton. **Stephen Leiber**

a television talk show host for CBC's *One of a Kind*. The show's producer, Merrilee Campese, promises, "You'll see a new lady." With tentative intentions lined up with a footless ski instructor and a child prodigy pianist, the soft-spoken show intends to be positive and upbeat, contrasting with Campagnolo's televised appearance in particularly deplorable. Ironically, she's replacing Carole Taylor, the television celebrity who's moving to Ottawa with her husband,

Art Phillips, now a recently elected Liberal member.

Meanwhile, Vancouver Trade Minister Jack Horner has returned to his 35,000-acre ranch in Falkland, Alberta. "I can be as busy as I want to be on the farm here," Horner retorts. Last week he headed to Edmonton to negotiate a contract for his autobiography with publisher Mac Harrie Horner says the book (which should be out in the fall of 1980) "will not be in bad taste—though I could write about things other than politics that go on at Parliament Hill."

Several defeated ministers are returning to their old professions, such as Bob Colles, the Liberal employment minister, who got a firsthand taste of what being jobless was like this summer before fixing up a part partnership in Aeris, Ontario. Terry Abbott, the former minister of small business, also a lawyer, will concentrate between Ottawa and Calgary concentrating on legal issues involving energy. Len Marchand,

Trudeau's environment minister, will return to a new job but an old way of life—as an Indian, he'll be administrator for five Indian bands, totaling 1,400 people, near Kamloops, B.C.

One losing politician is no hurry to find work in Harney Duncan, the Liberal defence minister, who pruned an eleven-hour night to the news (shaking and is still uncomfortable at his cottage)—although he was recently appointed warden among the conservators in Toronto's subway.

Still largely unreported are private earnings Trudeau had, before his bid, with his defeated minister. He met to encourage ways to run again. Not that they needed much arm-twisting. With few exceptions, all feel the same way as Don MacDonald, Trudeau's veteran affairs minister, who is now a beef and potato farmer on Prince Edward Island. "I guess living at politics is just like taking the boy out of the country," MacDonald speculates, "As the old saying goes, you can't take the country out of the boy."

Johnanne Labrecque

Lang and daughter Andrea, it's a rush to find work but freed of old burdens



British Columbia

Vancouver Fats takes a fall

Shortly before dawn the tightly organized police raids began. By noon on April 12, 1976, Vancouver underworld chief William (Fats) Robertson and 14 other men had been quietly carted off to jail, facing charges of conspiring to traffic in \$3.5 million worth of cocaine last week in a BC Supreme Court, following a 31-week trial, the longest criminal action in that province's history. Mr. Justice Thomas Berger sentenced the 51-year-old Robertson and his Paul James, 46, each to 20 years in prison, plus fines of \$30,000 as an additional three years. Seven others received sentences ranging from 14 years to four years after being found guilty by Berger, who took nine weeks to determine the penalties.

For Vancouver police and the RCMP officers who had co-operated in the extensive surveillance and undercover work that produced the arrests and convictions, it was a particularly sweet moment. They had cracked down their nemesis, the elusive Fats Robertson, who, according to police, was the kingpin of Vancouver's gangster crime. Robertson, who comes by his nickname honestly, had been a police target for at least 20 years because of his shady dealings and twisted acquaintances. Says an undercover RCMP officer: "There's always been ongoing police intelligence on Robertson. For the last 20 years we knew he was active. We got close to him, but we were never able to finger him—just a lot of him listening."

This time the law scored. The RCMP

arrested Robertson and Zama, with his wife, and other associates.

and Vancouver city police teamed up to break the largest cocaine trafficking ring that has been discovered so far in Canada. The instigators were Robertson, James and Brian Robert Jeffries, who was their main liaison with the cocaine couriers and who got 14 years in prison for his part in the deal. Police photographs introduced as evidence at the trial showed the three men meeting on several occasions in parking lots (one picture alone, presumably to avoid surveilling detectives. For 18 months police had trailed the gang with the help of officers in Bolivia, Peru, Brazil, Costa Rica and the U.S.).

During the trial, prosecutor Howard Rubin called on former members of the gang to provide evidence. Three men and a woman who had been released on a total of \$165,000 in cash and assistance in forming new identities. "At one point we were worried we didn't have a clear-cut case," says Rubin. "But in the end it turned out to be the strongest case I've ever seen."

Ironically, the fascinating trial, with its disclosures of intrigue, foul-ups and clandestine meetings in South and Central America, received little publicity in Vancouver because of the coincidental strike of its two daily newspapers, near-legendary Lyle Foster, who helped coordinate the investigation, when there had been more recognition of its success. "How many criminals could go to (Montreal crime figure) Laporte and that bench and deal with these case-law Robertson could," he says. "In these things you almost never get the top. But we got the whole structure, the whole gang. How often can you bring the whole gang into court and convict them? That's what we did."

Bob Nicklebar

Ontario

Goin' down the tobacco road

Some people were saying it had come up on the wind from the Virginias. Others sensationally blamed neighbors and friends for importing it, however inadvertently, in some mailings from Florida. Whatever the source, pernicious tobacco, a blue-mould fungus from the same family as the one that blighted crops and caused a potato famine in Ireland in the late 1880s, crept through about 500 farms in the Southwestern Ontario tobacco belt, causing millions of dollars worth of damage to a crop ready for harvesting. By the end of last week a spokesman for the Ontario ministry of agriculture pondered whether the use of the word "disease" would be accurate. He finally settled for "pretty damn serious."

Tobacco farmers are, for the most part, a fairly prosperous lot. Many of them are multiple farm owners who winter in Florida or the Bahamas but who, when the season arrives in May, "work out" bits off, in the words of Andy Giverty, 37, a member of a large family that farms 500 acres of prime tobacco land near Tillamook, Ontario. Tobacco growers are also known in the broader agricultural community as winners. If it isn't one thing wrong with the crop, it's another. But Giverty, a tall, lean, bearded individual, offered less of a whine than a snarl as he surveyed a section of his ruined 30-acre crop: the large leaves of each plant were covered in yellow-brown splashes, the undersides marked by the blue-grey spots. Contemplating the loss of crops potentially worth \$300,000, Giverty offered the word "disaster."

Ever since he had heard three weeks ago of the possibility of the mould spreading, helped along by the perfect weather conditions—slightly cool and damp—he and his wife, Irene, had been monitoring their crop. The evening he spotted the telltale blotches he snailily went to the phone and called his insurance agent. "There was nothing left to do but sit and wait for it to wreck its damage. Like many of his fellow farmers, having more understanding of the crop but at least straightforward laws of nature than the byzantine workings of bureaucracies, Giverty's frustration grew last week in direct proportion to the cost he had with the Ontario Crop Insurance Commission and the Tobacco Marketing Board. Representatives of both kept urging all farmers to continue cultivating their crops despite the sick-looking leaves, or risk missing out on



Giverty (left) and ruined tobacco plants. "No one's really ignored"



Photo: M.A.

compensation (they can collect up to 80 per cent of the damage). "Why throw good money after bad?" the farmers were asking themselves and each other in impromptu roadside meetings. "One thing about this crisis," and greeter John Viles, "no one's really anyone. You get one truck pulling over and 30 more will stop too, for a meeting."

While it was hard to put a price tag on the damage caused by blue mould (the entire Ontario crop is worth about \$300 million), its economic impact had reached the city's university. High school students who normally count on making \$1,000 a season "pruning" in the fields, ironically waited as farmers held back on hiring work crews. Scores of migrant workers, most of them young people from Quebec, brought longingly in a park in the centre of Delhi. At night, they shifted to an outdoor camp on a small "island" of farmland accessible only by fording a stream where they shared food and drink, strummed guitars and talked hopefully of still making money. "Maybe I'll move on and pack bananas," said one young woman.

There is no known cure for the blight, and plant pathologists and the only chance of limiting the damage was a change in the weather conditions. That appeared to be happening of week end as the fungi grew hotter and drier.

The fungus, which made its last major appearance in the 1940s, was first spotted a month ago by grower Steve Mayerski, who has since had to level his entire 53-acre crop, potentially worth \$250,000. Mayerski, one of the group of eight original buyers of a shipment of imported seedlings—made in special homes designed to speed up the growth process of the plant—has received sixty phone calls and dirty looks from fellow growers, as if he had deliberately arranged the disaster. Hurt by the implication, he was lying low last week, reluctant to talk about his part in it. A fellow farmer to whom crop the fungus had spread admitted his resentment of Mayerski was irrational. "But damn down in my heart that's the way I feel." But on the weather turned for the better and insurance agents began knocking on doors, the seed of the farmers' feud. Said grower John Viles: "Might as well smile, because there's nothing I can do about it anyway."

Judith Tasson

Nova Scotia

Things that go ape in the night

Each evening at 11:30 p.m., Hecy Stubbart looks up his small grocery store for the night in Florence, Cape Breton. But instead of going home Stubbart, a beefy, 30-year-old ex-serviceman, clambers up a makeshift

ladder to a darkened, ornate iron rail on the second floor. Though he eventually plans to turn the scaffolding into apartment units, wooden scaffolding beneath a small window is one corner of the otherwise empty room has no connection with renovations. It is Stubbart's guard post and he will remain there—with a pair of binoculars, to keep an eye on a place of yams, raw lambing, in the parking lot across the street, and a telephone so he can call police at the first sign of trouble—until the next morning.

Stubbart's all-night vigil becomes understandable when you realize that, in the six weeks since he opened his store, vandals have tried unsuccessfully to burn it down, have broken well over \$1,000 worth of plate-glass windows, have threatened both his wife, Jeanne, and 13-year-old daughter, Heather, and one night spread in such human concern on the storefront that Stubbart couldn't open for business the next day. But he doesn't bring a gun to his guard post yet. "Mister man, let me tell you," he says later, surveying the shattered windows of his establishment, "It's almost come to this."

Half a mile down the narrow highway from Stubbart's store, Thomas Nugent, the president of Florence's recreation and development committee, is prying a sheet of chipboard from the door of the community's boarded-up recreation centre. "I wish you could have seen it a couple of weeks ago," he apologizes. "It was a beautiful place, so spacious and clean." As he pushes open the door, the partial smell of charred wood is every-

Stubbart surveys damage to a family sight



Photo: M.A.

where Two weeks ago vandals set the place on fire. The damage to the new wooden building—which once housed the local history, meeting rooms, and a hall for dance and Scottish country-dancing classes—is estimated at \$30,000 and Nugent isn't sure if there is money available to repair the mess. "By the way," he adds, pointing to a rubble-strewn vacant lot next door, "that used to be the local school. They burned it down last year."

According to both Nugent and Stubbart, "they" are a group of no more than 20 local toughs, mostly between 15 and 20, who have been terrorizing local residents for five years. The problems began when the local detachment in nearby North Sydney was moved to Sydney, 20 miles away. The overworked 24-man detachment, which is responsible for policing nearly 20 small communities spread over 800 square miles, rarely puts in an appearance now and there, with a population of 4,500, couldn't afford its own police force. The result has been increasing lawlessness. "You call the police when something happens," Stubbart complains, "but it may take them half an hour to get here."

Although it's difficult to get an accurate dollar figure on the damage done by the vandals, Stubbart says he can't think of a single merchant or public institution that hasn't been vandalized. Five private homes haven't been immune to the mischief mayhem. "One night, while my 10-year-old son was sleeping," recounts Nugent, "a big rock came in through his bedroom window. Luckily, the rock missed him but he was covered in broken glass."

Incidents like that have made most residents afraid to complain quickly about the violence. "One night at 3 a.m., I got a call telling me my store was being broken into, but they wouldn't tell me who was calling," recalls Stubbart. He got there in time to chase the intruders off, but, so far, no arrests have been made. "Even when there are arrests, the courts usually let them off with probation or a suspended sentence and they're back outside my store the next night."

But help may finally be on the way. After complaints about the vandals at a meeting of Cape Breton county council, provincial Attorney-General Blaney had agreed to consider appointing local people as special constables with powers to arrest the troublemakers. And Stubbart even had a couple of RCMP officers up at his backfiring last week for a break-in at the young couple's. But if the extra help doesn't end the lawlessness, says Stubbart, "we'll have to do something ourselves. It can't go on like this any longer."

Stephen Kimber



Alberta

Swept away by the breeze in the blue sky of August

By Suzanne Zwirn

At 5:30 a.m. the northern Alberta dawn was shrouded in thick fog. In the parking lot of the Grande Prairie Motor Inn, rows of minibuses and lamps loomed eerily in the gloom but the skies from these spots were merely hot air balloons, dressed in tarps, ready to rise. Their sleep-deprived pilots and crews were already at breakfast in a banquet room papered with children's drawings of balloons, and fog was the main topic of conversation. The organizers of Canada's first national balloon championships had stuffed 56 hours of Grande Prairie weather records before

selecting July 29 to Aug. 6 as the best week for the championships. But the opening race last week was in dimming thanks to mist thicker than muslin.

Ballooning, however, are so peaceful at their sport. At 7 a.m. Monday, they began spending their 63 gliding weeks across the dewy grass at Bear Creek Park. Townspeople and tourists, converging on the park with kids and dogs in tow, told the balloons with questions, jerked up balloon skirts, peered into the wicker baskets and lined up to lend a hand with the launches! Finally, at mid-morning, the brown and yellow "haze" balloons drifted off from the earth and sailed off to deposit an X

somewhere on the ground for the other ballooning to find and hit from the air with a first-sized landing. The 30 balloons competing for the Canadian championship breasted after the haze, followed closely by 12 guest balloons from the U.S., England, Ireland, Norway and Sweden. It was the biggest batch of balloons ever launched at one time into a Canadian sky and the crowd below was rapturous, peering wistfully upward until the balloons were mere specks in the blue

The Moss Ancestor Jeff and Ming up the funnel poured drinks until 2 a.m.



Evening word looked back to the anxious crowd news that Vancouver's Chuck Bump had tracked down the haze and deposited his landing a mere six inches from the target to take the early lead in the week-long championship. The next day, Edmonton businessman John Bessier was best in the mass ascension event which called for expertise in map reading and meteorology to fly a strenuous course set out by the judges. A series of flights following set directions, by day and night, was required throughout the week for the pilots to accumulate points toward the title, which had not been settled by week's end.

Ask a ballooning to explain the obsession and you will be launched for an hour. Basically, balloons are beautiful. Bessier says ballooning ranges from balloon buses, who own nothing else in the world, to well-to-do executives, such as Calumet and mine developer Steve Fraberg, who has a current fleet of three hot-air buses. For many, balloons are simply an escape. "You go where the wind takes you," says Gerald Hemard of St. Elme d'Orléans, Quebec. "You land

when and where the wind puts you. There's nothing else like it." For some, weekend ballooning is not enough. Scott Spencer, who introduced ballooning to Idaho, abandoned a family electrical parts business "when work began interfering with ballooning." He now owns Idaho Balloon Adventures which sells balloons, rents out balloon rides and trains pilots—the sort of business Canadians are just now starting up. In Japan, Ontario, for instance, Al Russell is setting up a balloon-park, a launch area for balloons which aren't always welcome in city parks and streets.

Ballooning traces back to 1783 when

The manned altitude record is 46,000 feet but most recreational flights are spent skimming the treetops, the hot-air lift being controlled by ballast bags. A ride in a balloon is enough to hook anyone who is not afraid of heights and that is how Grande Prairie, a bump on the Alaska Highway 365 miles north of Edmonton, captured the first Canadian championship. Mayor Al Romanchuk went for a ride with Calgary pilot-in-chief Harold Warren two years ago, and by the time they got back to earth Romanchuk had decided Grande Prairie should host a race. That one proved so successful that the city defied this sum-

mer to bring together eastern and western ballooning, who still now hold separate competitions. Although Grande Prairie has only a single balloonist among its 20,000 citizens, the entire town from its Chamber of Commerce to its schoolchildren picked in to organize the festa, raise the \$100,000 budget and cope with the logistics of accommodating several hundred balloons and fans in a town already battling from a gas and oil exploration boom.

Canadian ballooning isn't yet a big money sport—pilots were flying for trophies, not money, in the championships. But from the way Grande Prairie flocked to a week of twice-daily launches, ballooning is obviously commensurate. And while in its early days ill-represented farmers took after balloons with pitchforks, Grande Prairie farmers welcomed them—even when they landed on their crops. One balloonist was collared by a farmer when he landed and was forbidden to leave. The farmer poured drinks until 2 a.m. while he heard all about the lofty sport. ☐

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World

Zimbabwe on their mind

By Dan Turem

"It's the last day in the world—the French would love to have something like this," said a Canadian diplomat last week as 30 delegates, representing that quarter of the world's population who were once part of the mighty British Empire, sat down in the middle of Africa to discuss their modern-day problems. And as the prime minister, presidents and other high-ranking spokesmen retired to the playing fields of Lusaka during the weekend—much business traditionally is done during these private junkies—hopes had been raised that this 22nd Commonwealth conference might make some head of beginning toward settling the bloody, seven-year-old civil war in Rhodesia Rhodesia.

Not everyone was optimistic—see close follower of the war and simply "They're looking for a moderate solution and there isn't one." But for the first time leaders of the "frontline" African states—such as Tanzania, Zamb-

ia (the conference host) and Botswana—all of which border on the conflict and have helped sustain the guerrilla armies battling Rhodesia's illegal regime—sounded willing to negotiate something short of the complete capitulation of Bishop Abel Muzorewa's white-backed government.

Several hurdles stand in the way of a formula to end a war that has slaughtered an estimated 15,000 people and left millions of helpless peasants asperfed in terror between the two sides. Not the least of them is the continued intransigence of the antagonists. On the eve of the conference, spokesmen for both wings of the insurgent Frontline Force (reformed) delegates proposals for a compromise solution. Ian Smith, prime minister of white-ruled Rhodesia, still he turned over leadership to Muzorewa's predominantly black government in last April's election, and his white constituency would not stand for amendments to the constitution he had devised to protect its power for at least another decade.

Yet a third irritant, in a situation where only soothing ointment, was the attitude of Nigeria. Black Africa's richest and most powerful country chose to express its belligerent hostility toward British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's yearning to legalize Zimbabwe Rhodesia, not only with adverse exchanges on the conference floor but by nation-aligning British Petroleum's sizable Nigerian holdings.

Nevertheless it was Thatcher and free-lance leader Julian Nyerere of Tanzania and Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia that everyone was watching as the Marondera townships pulled up to the Washington conference center. Could they find enough common ground among themselves to pressure the warring factions to a compromise?

Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark—attempting despite his new-boy status to St. Pierre Elliott Trudeau's role as mediator to the belligerent old boys—quickly stole the "honest broker" spotlight from Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser by telling newsmen his

emotions with the principal actors pointed to "significant progress" toward agreement. It sounded optimistic at the time, but it helped cool the atmosphere, and when Nyerere and Thatcher led off the discussions both had obviously moved toward reconciliation.

Thatcher, obviously misled by the traitorous Nyerere, made an effort to disguise Britain's intentions of going ahead with an attempt to impose a solution of its own liking on the country that is still legally its colonial responsibility.



Clark (left) and McTear (center) in Africa, saw boy become honest broker

But she did concede that the constitution which had brought Muzorewa to power was defective in that it permitted the white minority to block any constitutional change it disliked, and that the whites had refused to accept over appointments of civil servants, military, judiciary and police personnel that ought to be in the black government's hands. For his part, Nyerere agreed with Thatcher that it would be a good idea to make provisions to reserve a number of parliamentary seats for the 225,000 white Rhodesians—less than five per cent of the population.

While members of the Patriotic Front have been saying they would have nothing to do with amending the present Zimbabwe Rhodesia constitution—that they insist on a fresh start that ignores the Muzorewa government—Nyerere spoke only of changing the constitution so it reflects true majority rule and legitimizing it with new elections. Internationally supervised ones as agreed conditions.

What neither Thatcher nor Nyerere had the courtesy to offer, however, was a suggestion as to who would take over military control of Zimbabwe Rhodesia even if other issues were settled. And that, and honest broker Clark, "is the key question."

Edgar Tekere, secretary-general of

the Zimbabwe African National Union—the Muzorewa-based guerrilla group involved in the war—is so resolute in saying that any settlement would have to be based on "the armed army being completely dismantled and replaced by a new national army comprising the patriotic forces now fighting for the liberation of Zimbabwe" Joshua Nkomo, leader of the Zimbabwe African People's Union—the Nkomo-based guerrilla force with 15,000 troops on Rhodesian soil—told reporters "before we can have elections we have got to



Clark (left) and McTear (center) in Africa, saw boy become honest broker

defeat the people who don't want elections."

Thus was the situation as Muzorewa McTear took an Australian Prime Minister Fraser's wife at tennis—there were plans for a horseback outing with Joe later—and various leaders made their choice of golf, swimming, volleyball, the movies or quiet chats in their study. Many Clark called for a host for an External Affairs Minister Fiers Macdonald, who earlier wowed the locals with a whirling display of rock 'n' roll dancing at the Ridgeway Hotel, gave it as his opinion that the British, while feeling some loyalty to Muzorewa, had no intention of letting him get in the way of a settlement. He also said that both Nyerere and Kaunda were privately concerned about their ability to bring the Patriotic Front guerrillas into line with the conference.

Though they thought they could do as much, the frontline leaders may be depending on it in the chronic split between Nkomo and ZANU leader Robert Mugabe. The two have consented themselves to amalgamating their armies but there has been too much of a sign of success. Furthermore, ZANU's army reported last week that Nkomo had been offered a deal whereby he would be the president of a new Zimbabwe and Mugabe would retain command of the new country's army if the guerrillas were able to achieve a military victory. Nkomo, they say, turned the offer down. ☐

Central America

Dry kindling and the raging fire

A President Jimmy Carter and his top military aides were arguing the policies, principles and goals of Central and South America last week, a small band of guerrilla soldiers hiding out in the mountains of El Salvador was adding \$27 million—the proceeds of half a dozen kidnappings over the past year—to its treasury. About the same time and not far away, deep in a Guatemala jungle, a heavily armed rebel, his gold teeth flashing, rubbed the red ridge on his right hand where fingers used to be and told an American reporter "It will be worth all our farsas, all our wounds. Someday, like the deadstones in Nicaragua, we, too, will have victory."

A high-ranking military officer in El Salvador summed it up "This might well be the year of reversion throughout Central America, and Nicaragua is a raging fire, and Guatemala and Salvador are full of dry kindling."

That was why Carter took time out last week from his own deep political troubles at home to join a major debate within his administration as to how to handle foreign policy in the new year. The president is under heavy pressure from the Pentagon and from the CIA to resume the former U.S. role as principal supplier of weapons and training to the armed forces of the rightist regimes in El Salvador and Guatemala. According to the CIA, both countries are, particularly El Salvador, are in imminent danger of increased Cuban-assisted guerrilla warfare.

On the other side of the argument, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance is urging Carter to keep his distance from the military disaster in the new year. The U.S. starts supplying them with arms again it will undermine attempts to gain the confidence of the Salvadorans in Nicaragua, create suspicion and hostility among Latin America's democratic governments, and stir fierce opposition from congressional liberals.

Vance has suggested a middle course which the president may approve shortly. He says that Carter could offer arms to President Carlos Humberto Romero in El Salvador and General Anastasio Somoza Debayle in Nicaragua for a firm promise that they will ease up on repression and denial of political rights. In view of the conditions, both men could be expected to reject the offer, whereupon the United States, having done its best for its old allies, could set about the task of cultivating their

probable assassinations—as in Nicaragua. Carter and his advisers are well aware that the sentiment among most of the guerrilla groups is anti-"Yankee." With good reason. Their ten-year ago, when Carter's human rights policies came into effect, Washington was prepping up nearly all the military dictators such of its leaders. Not only that, but U.S. multinational companies have for decades dominated much of the Central and South American economy, keeping workers on low wages and exploiting resources without plowing profits back into the development of the countries involved. "When the guerrillas think of the United States they do not separate business from government, so to them it is all the same," says an official at the Washington-headquartered Organisation of American States.

The rebel groups have found their greatest support from the Communists, particularly from Cuba. But in Nicaragua aid also came from such unexpected sources as the Palestine Liberation Organisation, which hopes that this aid will be remembered when the Sandinista government comes to vote in the United Nations on resolutions affecting Israel.

U.S. strategists say that, although El Salvador and Guatemala are the most likely regimes to fall soon, Honduras and even Panama are threatened, while farther south Uruguay, Bolivia and Paraguay could also fall prey to internal strife in the next few years. Right as now there was major unrest last week in



Salvador, where yet another right-wing coup was thought to be imminent.

All these are countries where political freedom is a myth, where the effective opposition is left-wing and where violence is the only method of change. "No voice is heard as clearly as in 1960," says Davila, one of the Sandinista commanders now leaving other Central American countries with advice and encouragement.

In another effort to force new policies for Central America, Carter last week sent Vania P. Valky, assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs, as an unpublished visit to El Salvador. He is understood to have reported that the country is rapidly becoming a carbon copy of Nicaragua—and that the difference between the Romero government and its opponents are becoming so deep that a moderate solution is virtually impossible.

Following widespread left-wing demonstrations in favor of major reforms last May, when nearly 100 people were killed by security forces, Romero promised a "national dialogue" to discuss ways for El Salvador to return slowly to civilian democracy after nearly 10 years of military government. But nothing of substance has been done since then. And in its most recent bulletin, the San Salvador Roman Catholic archbishop lists 158 persons killed by government security forces in June, only 34 fewer than in violence-torn May and more than twice the number for April.

Valerio Castano, Fidel Castro: "Yankee"

Back in Washington, the analysts are telling Carter that no political development since Castro's triumph in 1959 has captured imaginations as did the fall of Anastasio Somoza. It is generally agreed that the U.S. grossly mishandled Cuba, and Carter is anxious to avoid the same mistakes over Nicaragua but is uncertain what to do. Perhaps there was a pointer in an article by Guillermo Martinez in *El Nuevo Sur*, conservative Chile's most influential newspaper. Rod Martinez: "The United States will soon be surrounded by visible and active enemies, with the one exception of Canada. It has become geographically isolated. This is where we are, and this is where we will continue, as long as Washington does not decide differently."

William Lowther

The U.K.

New cuts from the 'milk snatcher'

The women at the supermarket checkout had no sympathy with her elderly customer, evidently a regular, as he bemoaned the latest rise in prices. "Why did you vote for her then?" she inquired, briskly wrapping his purchases. It was a question Wally Britton have doubts been asking themselves since they voted Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives into power May 3. Far from reviving hopes of traditional Tory boom times, the new

government's first 100 days have been marked by higher sales taxes, a huge increase in gasoline costs—due to taxes as well as to OPEC—and now a swirl of cuts in public spending that will affect a range of normally secure services from school books to old people's homes.

Thatcher's electoral trump card was undoubtedly her shrewd, housewifely image in prime—during the campaign she was frequently filmed doing her weekly shopping. But the immediate rise of more than four per cent in the retail price index after the June 22 budget—more apparent to most people's pockets than the income tax rebates, which have been small for average earners—was followed by abolition of the watchdog Price Commission. And last week it fell to Social Services Secretary Patrick Jenkin to spell out how the Tories' planned \$346-billion cuts in public spending would affect an already fraying National Health Service.

Faced with a revolt by 30 members of one South London health authority, who flatly refused to slash the required \$14.85 million from their budget, Jenkin summarily trooped parliamentary powers intended for "emergency" use and suspended the rebels, appointing special commissioners to do their work. The commissioners had claimed the cuts would put some patients' lives at risk and local doctors supported them.

Jenkin, a former energy secretary in the Heath administration who briefly became famous during the 1974 miners' strike for each power-mongering gimmick as clearing his teeth in the dark, rejected by warning his critics of "hysteria" and attempts to "blackmail" him. But at week's end opposition also threatened from the public service unions in the areas.

The cuts, which may now become bigger as a result of an award to low-paid municipal workers that will add \$600 million to public spending next year, have sharply split the cabinet between the hard-line monetarists who favor strict budgetary discipline for Britain and those who fear the effects as the country heads for recession with more than 1.25 million already unemployed.

With previously announced \$625-million cuts in government expenditure and the industry hitting jobs areas still harder, the new round of economies will mean a noticeable decline in such areas as educational facilities, fire services and highway maintenance. The BBC's renowned foreign service is threatened by a cut of \$19.6 million and The Observer reports this could mean the end of all Arabic broadcasts as well as those to France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Greece, Finland, Portugal and Turkey. Yet there seem no plans to axe the controversial new \$500-million-plus British Library, which distinguished scholar

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The fires next time?

are have condemned as "unecessary." It has been pointed out that construction of the grandiose building, a pet project of former Tory administrator Lord Soles, will cost almost as much as today's prices as the ruins in aid to industry.

The government's basic argument as the cuts is that they will simply choke back increases planned by the preceding Labor administration. But the prime minister is likely to run into considerable domestic flak on her return from Africa. Still sensitive to her ostensive sickness of "Theater the milk snatcher" (an education secretary she attempted to co-opt as a first school milk), she will probably snap warily, but some ministers seem bound to resist.



Leana May Collier: 'Syndical and blackpool'

Leana May Collier is just one victim of a municipal cutback. Her old parents' home in How, a Shropshire coastal town populated largely by pensioners, is being closed and she will be moved into a hospital geriatric ward. At the age of 59, she finds it hard to understand why she must be uprooted.

On the other hand, a Labor-controlled council in northwest London which decided to save \$6.1 million on community services—including cuts in school equipment and the ending of swimming lessons for 20,000 children—recently agreed by one vote to buy its lady mayor a \$194,000 official Daimler car. It will cost more than twice the regular price because it is fitted out with a color tv, cocktail cabinet, writing table, stereo and air conditioning. Answering his Tory critics on the council, Labor leader John Lebor claimed the car would be "a good investment."

Carol Kennedy

Afghanistan

Marx and Allah in mortal combat

The sound of distant machine-guns are now to be heard sporadically in the Afghan capital, Kabul—an ominous sign that the nine-month fundamentalist Muslim rebellion is reaching a climax. It threatens not only the Soviet-backed regime of Nur Muhammad Taraki, a former interpreter with the United States mission, but also the lives of a few hundred Canadian, American, British and other foreigners working in the capital.

The American's evacuation of 108 nonessential embassy staff and dependents should be complete by the end of this week. Canadian residents involved in medical work or teacher training have been reskilled from remote parts and, like the majority of Canadian in Afghanistan, are employed by CIMA. They are now confined to Kabul by the Taliban government.

If Kabul comes under attack, the only way of escape will be through the airport. But one Western source said: "You can imagine what chaos there would be then. The airport would almost certainly be a major target in a rebel assault against Kabul."

Following the progress of the war is a difficult task. The Afghan press, under the regime that seized power in a bloody coup 15 months ago, contains no information of any consequence. Each page faithfully praises the wit and courage of leadership of Taraki and the other strong man of the revolution, Hafizullah Amu, given command of the army at the end of July. But there is

almost complete silence about the progress of the Muslim guerrillas and there has been no mention at all of the fact that the two leaders' families long since fled for the safety of the Soviet Union.

Foreigners are therefore thrown back on their own local intelligence sources and the Muslim-ruled radio, believed to be based in neighboring Pakistan, which is now occasionally audible in Kabul.

The Soviet Union, whose dream of a model foothold in strategic Afghanistan appeared to be becoming a reality when Taraki seized power, is in a dilemma. It has poured in arms, ammunition and aircraft—last month it delivered up to 30 advanced Mi-35 helicopter gunships which, like the Cobra gunships used by the U.S. in Vietnam, are equipped with rocket pods and cannon.

But nothing so far has stemmed the rebel tide, strengthened by desertions from Taraki's own forces. Aid from other sources may, however, be on the way. Western intelligence was intrigued recently to discover an unidentified Cuban visiting Kabul under Soviet auspices and, later, small groups of Vietnamese. The possibility that Cubans might be drafted in, as they were in Angola and Ethiopia, cannot be ruled out. The Vietnamese are the world's authorities on guerrilla warfare and how to deal with it.

Last week, too, there were signs of movement on the political front. The Soviet Union was reported to have told Taraki to broaden his political base in order to make his government more acceptable, and there have been highly publicized official statements of respect for Islamic principles. But Western observers were convinced it would take more than those to halt the rebel's wave of attacks, which has given them control of three-quarters of the country.

Peter Niswender

Prime Minister Taraki's home prime



U.S.A.

A diplomatic two-step

Arguably the biggest gun in the Soviet treaty debate went off last week. But the broadside which the treaty supporters flared from

senator of state Henry Kissinger—whose reservations about the whole business had been thought aimed in advance—proved to be a relatively minor volley and, at the weekend, the treaty seemed almost certain to be accepted by Congress on schedule, sometime in the fall.

Kissinger's testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee as the U.S.-Soviet pact had been anxiously awaited because his support, or lack of it, was considered crucial to its survival. In a move which proved he was still a master of the diplomatic two-step, Kissinger played up to the conservative opponents of the treaty, but left the White House much less than perturbed.

Kissinger began his backing on three conditions. First, the United States must beef up its military defence and meet Congress with a five-year strategy plan. Second, some language in the treaty and its accompanying protocol must be clarified (this would mean serious renegotiation with the Soviets). Finally, he introduced the idea that further arms negotiations, SALT II, for instance, should be limited to good behavior by the Soviet Union which, said Kissinger, was engaged in a "massive geopolitical assault" in such places as Afghanistan, where it is taking out (see page 28) Ethiopia, Cuba, Angola, South Yemen, Vietnam, Cambodia and Iran. It

sounded impressive, but since he did not say what constituted good behavior on the Soviet part that too was a toothless promise.

While Kissinger refused to put a price tag on his proposal to step up defence spending, his demands implicitly endorsed those of another influential SALT figure, Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, who had stated earlier that there must be an increase in the military budget of four to five per cent a year for the next five years. The increases were necessary, Kissinger said, because the U.S. is falling into dire strategic straits owing to the Carter administration's decision to cancel or delay production of essential weapons systems.

Despite that sharp attack on their favorite whipping boy, SALT opponents among conservative senators, including presidential hopeful Howard Baker and right winger Jesse Helms, were disappointed. They would have liked even tougher talk and the encouragement of substantial amendments to the treaty. But Kissinger consistently backed away, emphasizing the alternate course of allowing passage with his conditions tacked on.

And while there were some murmurs among senators who were already leaning toward treaty ratification, Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, questioned the effectiveness of linking SALT passage to Soviet behavior and increased defence spending—the White House noted that Kissinger's general

approach was welcome. As spokesman

Jody Powell worked, the push for greater defence expenditure was in line with the administration's plans.

In fact, the dovetailing of the critics' demands for boosting defence (former NATO commander General Alexander Haig, as well as Nunn, had protested Kissinger with this same threat) and the willingness of the administration to do so hinted that a deal had been struck.

It clearly would be better for Carter to seem to have his hand forced before leading U.S. troops with the burden of increases to the \$125-billion defence budget, which he had previously promised to curb. For increases there will certainly be, what with the \$63 missile (estimated cost, \$38 billion), the need to improve the NATO allies' theatre nuclear weapons and the need to come closer to matching Soviet conventional might. Indeed, the only question left seemed to be: how much? (Conservative demand \$7 to \$8 billion annually.)

So Kissinger, when Senator Charles McClellan described as having "a marvellous diplomatic way of not being too precise," effectively gave the Carter administration what it wanted—an increased defence budget will probably get the treaty passed. And, ultimately, everyone will look like a hero—including Henry Kissinger. James Fleming with correspondents' files

Maryland

Uncle Sam wants you—stoned

To the soldiers just out of boot camp it seemed like a soft touch extra pay, stoned dinner, no drill and, irresistible this one, meals to clean the rooms. A 3 in exchange for the United States Army's test a new drug "no stronger than Aspirin."

That was in 1965. Last week, advertisements began appearing in newspapers throughout the country searching for 2,400 men who were to be recruited to the United States Army's Chemical Center at Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland. The ads were paid for by the American Citizens for Honesty in Government, an affiliate of the Church of Scientology. The group has provided respondents medical exams to check, afterwards, for adverse medical effects and been repaid a sum against the government may be pending.

The drug that was supposed to be no stronger than Aspirin was, in fact, R, a substance with effects more powerful and long-lasting than those of LSD. Some of the army volunteers have suf-

strations, continuing nightmares of hallucinations, flashbacks, loss of memory and inability to concentrate. Many are so afraid of being rejected by society that they have never told their family or friends about their mind-battering experiences.

The Sociologists, who make a practice of investigating government wrongdoing, brought together a group of the "science jocks" to talk with the press on the condition that their anonymity was assured. Gary, 34, a Detroit draftsman, claimed he lost the better part of three seasons after he was tested in the summer of 1966. Except for one day several Christmas, Gary said, he does not remember a thing until the following spring.

He does remember reporting to a hospital where he was given a blood test and put to bed. "Then they wheeled in this machine, the size of a big stove. With dials and measuring gauges. They froze my arm and put in the needle. It was about the size of a pencil. It looked like something out of a science-fiction movie. I was hooked up to the thing for hours. They told me it would be like taking Aspirin. I can't remember the place after that." Now, says Gary, "It's really hard for me to hold a job. Sometimes I just don't care about life anymore."

Richard, 33, was also given an injection. But he remembers what happened well all too clearly. He says, "I immediately couldn't stand up. I sat up, my mouth dried up and I started hallucinating. People were turning into animals, walls were turning colors. The whole place was psychotic. I thought I was falling down this massive Grand Canyon. There were a million spiders in the room." One of the men who occurred with Richard, after the experiments, so Fort Bliss, Texas, was, said Richard, "so messed up that one day, while we were cutting paper, he cut the tip of my finger off." He rolled around the floor laughing.

John, from Denver, says he was "pretty wrecked" for about three days. "They put me in a fakelike with a closed-down rifle. Then, they made me run at a phony machine-gun. Afterwards I just can't even remember my name."

The defense department acknowledges that it was testing the drug as part of a research program to find a chemical weapon that would incapacitate without killing. It also admits that volunteers were not given follow-up medical care. But it omits the experiments caused no lasting, harmful effects. Said a Pentagon official, "In volunteering, these men were serving their country. They have reason to be proud of that. I believe they were given letters of commendation." William Lowther

New York

The boys in the other band

Angry shouts of "Hey, hey, ho, ho, the movie *Cruising's* got to go!" reverberated through Greenwich Village last week. For the second week running, New York's increasingly militant homosexual community was loudly disrupting filming of the movie, which actually motivated murder among the leather-and-chains set that exists at the fringes of the gay world. Up to 1,000 protesters nightly barked bottles and innuendos at police and the production crew. "I'm marching because I'm scared to death," said salesman Cliff Rosser. "When people see the violence in this film, they're going to go

Photo by David

Protesters and gay march leather and chains



after every target in the street."

Director William Friedkin, whose other hits include *The Boys in the Band*, widely acclaimed as a sensitive portrayal of homosexuals, defends his decision to probe the world of sadomasochistic nightclubs on the grounds that they exist. "The movie is not intended to be a metaphor for anything. It's just a particular slice of life," he says. And he has the support of New York's Mayor Edward Koch, who turned down gay activists' demands that he should withdraw the permits necessary to film on the streets. "It is the business of the city's administration to encourage the return of film-making to New York City," Koch said, pointing out that it does not "accord its approval or disapproval of film content by offering that cooperation."



Nonetheless, the strength of the gay protest was a measure of the growing political power of New York's homosexual community. Ironically, Koch himself has been instrumental in the new militancy. His first executive order, a sweeping major two years ago, banned discrimination against homosexuals in all city jobs including the fire and police departments. In 1978, Koch proclaimed a Gay and Lesbian Pride Week in commemoration of the new legislative Stonewall Day. Still, a controversial in New York, gay collective empowerment from the closet. In that confrontation, 16 years ago, patrons at a homosexual bar fought back instead of obligingly hiding in dark corners when lawmen raided the premises. One homosexual group is now proposing a public statue to honor the occasion.

The battle over *Cruising*, meanwhile, has escalated from the streets to the editorial pages of such papers as *The Village Voice* and the *Daily News*. Even *The New York Times* weighed in with an editorial entitled *Between Depression and Suppression*.

The movie's star, Al Pacino, who plays a policeman detailed to track down a homosexual killer and who, in the process, becomes both a homosexual and a killer himself, had no comment on the protests. But, the uproar, including the shrill whistles demonstrators constantly blew to interrupt filming, was enough to Producer Jerry Weintraub's ears. He knew all the headlines were generating the kind of publicity that the best Hollywood press agents would have trouble duplicating.

Rita Christopher

Well, there goes the neighborhood

Former president Richard Nixon is emerging from his self-imposed exile in San Clemente, California. But late last week, as he took the first steps along the latest comeback track, his ambitious received a check from a group of New Yorkers who refused to have him as a neighbor. Nixon had bought a \$750,000 penthouse in Manhattan and was planning to move in next month. The only detail left to finalize was the approval of the 12-member board of directors which runs the building—on Madison Avenue—on behalf of the 34 other tenants. The board at first agreed. But when the other 34 apartment owners protested, it balked.

Nixon: "Just imagine if the Statue visited"

tricked Nixon in being given his money back.

One of the tenants who led the protest, Mrs. Jean Maynard, explained, "I have no use to being politically or morally, but he is a very controversial man. It would change the ambience of the building if he lived here. There would be news people and security seekers around, potential bomb scares and a great number of secret service men. Just imagine what would happen if the Statue of Liberty visited him."

Nixon is now understood to be looking elsewhere in Manhattan for what a class friend describes as a base from which to make a limited re-entry into public life as an "elder statesman." Says the friend, "There is no thought of any kind of political role or active participation in Republican party affairs. He will simply make himself available to give advice and counsel in the areas where he has some expertise."

The foundation for this role is thought to be a book Nixon is writing on the challenges and opportunities facing America and the world over the next 20 years. The book is likely to be published next year and Nixon will follow up with offers of lectures and seminars at major U.S. universities and think tanks.

What are his chances of success? One highly respected Washington commentator says, "It seems that Nixon has already made a cornucopia of sorts among those who were his most ardent backers before Watergate. These are the people who never really left him but were quietly waiting by the sidelines to be brought to the country and by the way he betrayed their support. These people can be expected to speak out for him more and more in the coming months." Maybe some of them will even invite him to come and live next door. ♦



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When he was in Montreal for a week in July, Ottawa-born emcee Paul Anka pulled Place des Arts every night and partied like a true celebrity at the ever-so-elegant Régine's disco. In Toronto last week, he gave a repeat performance. On opening night, after rendering two hours of varying showmanship during which he ran through oldies such as Paddy Love and Diana, compositions he has done for Frank Sinatra (*My Way*) and Tom Jones (*She's a Lady*) and had new material from his album *Brooklyn*, Anka was whisked off to a party at a star-grazing disco called



Anka partying celebrity-style

Heaven. There he was feted by 100 odd friends and associated hangers-on who presented him with a two-by-three-foot birthday cake which the 35-year-old millionaire took half an hour to move into drinks. Then it was off to the dance floor where the energetic father of five boogied with Aquilino Records President Eleanor Golderman until the wee hours. "It's so nice to be back in Canada," he beamed between sips.

And when Johnny Carson steps down from his talk-show throne, the most promising heir apparent is another class-cut Midwesterner named David Letterman, who will be hosting the show eight times this summer. Besides that there are only two other potential hosts with a good chance—George Carlin, whose counter-culture humor is widely considered "too drug-oriented," and Martin Mull, whose off-the-wall humor has been branded "too off-the-wall." At six-foot-two and 179 pounds, 35-year-old Letterman is a bit of a misfit because his sense is satiric, something Carson's bedlines following has learned to shake at between yawns and exasperation. As a regular on last year's *Mary Tyler Moore* Steve Letterman got to show off his talents as a singer, dancer and actor. "I have no desire to repeat



the experience," he says of his variety excursions and he modestly bides as the topic of the *Tonight Show*'s impending vacancy, suggesting that neither Carlin nor Letterman is a viable candidate. "If Letterman does take over the job it will bring Canada into the late-night limelight, since one of its specialties is 'various discontents of Canada,' its people, its weather and its laws," Letterman claims he's just kidding. He really leaves out booze.

Carlene leaving up her dimes

Niagara-born Barbara Cornea, 26, speaks five languages and enjoys box-office clout in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin and Tokyo thanks to possibly six movies such as *Endless* and *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. Recently she feasted filming in Hawaii as an *Anna Allen* stand-in for *The Day the World Ended*. Facing Judgment Day with her is an all-star cast headed up by Ten-

ning Inferno survivor Paul Newman and Jacqueline Bisset, veterans of several international disaster movies. The picture should do extremely well in Japan where Cornea's leg power is legendary. "The people would say *Legs, please, Barbara-san*," she said after a recent visit. "I had to tell all my dresses up the side so they could photograph them."

Most of French-Canadian gawwies Catherine Deneuve's films have either been retrieved to adults or subject to "parental guidance." But Bayard, 31, won't suffer from censorial interference when her latest film, *The Last Folks of*

tenesse allows payments from her estranged husband, Edgar (Eric Kaas) Kaiser Jr., 37, head of Kaiser Resources Ltd. in Vancouver. "There won't be enough money left over to get even my dress cleaned," complained the sub-blond former stewardess who has become accustomed to a lifestyle that Privatized Court Judge Harry Boya termed "beyond the experience, perhaps even beyond the imagination of the average person." The judge justified the award by stating that under B.C.'s new Family Relations Act, "the wife is entitled to a 'standard of living' which, according to Mrs. Kaiser's petition, meant 'living expenses' totaling tens of thou-

sands has expanded the backward Love Story-lyric into a 90-minute, made-for-TV movie which he is producing and in which he stars. "It's partly the song's story, partly the fact that I'm a former beauty queen, who picked former Vogue model Kathy Whit to play the romantic interest. Filming began a few weeks ago in the Queen Charlotte Islands and so far there hasn't been much of the 'hey and ho' Jacka sang into the song. First, the crew was whipped by heavy winds, then one of the boats from which they were filming hit a dolphin and another blew an engine. By the time the weather cleared and the boats were seaworthy, Jacka had to duck into Vancouver for a haircut because in the interim his curls had grown and "the scene wasn't working."

Bellows and Duggs gone fishing



Just Bellows wants to become a Canadian citizen. After less than a month in the wilderness of the Ottawa Valley, where he is starring in the movie version of Margaret Atwood's 1972 novel, *Surfacing*, the 35-year-old veteran of r/v's *Mohocan* is hooked. "I was lured to Canada because I wanted a new frontier. In my mind Canada is a new frontier," says Bellows, who was born and raised in California, but finds Canadian topography more suited to his passion for swimming, canoeing and fishing. On the film set he has become a fixture in the Muskwa River where his fishes for trout before shooting begins and after it finishes. The totem-kissed angler has a way with a rod and fries up his daily catch in his homekeeping cabin, which has made him a popular man with co-stars Kathleen Robertson, R.H. Thomson and Margaret Brown. When the filming ends, Bellows may find his adopted country to be less than the outdoors paradise he has envisaged. He plans to settle in Toronto, where sport fishing consists largely of pursuing the elusive High Line in supermarket freers.

Edited by Barbara Boswell



Gould and Gould greens and pines

Noah's Ark, appears next summer. In the heaviest of Disney spin, Bayard plays a grim missionary transporting an agricultural message to an island in the South Sea. Playing Bayard's flesh-and-blood brother is another unlikely candidate for Judah's matinee, Elliot Gould, who is an only slightly disreputable, distinctly passable, high-living gambler with a license to fly—primarily away from bad debts. Of course, the money Gould runs into complications, the aircraft is forced to land on a deserted isle, Rocky Schroeder and Tammy Lauren are discovered stowed away amid the few sheep, six pigs, 20 chickens, two goats, the ducks, two cows and a bull—and then two Japanese soldiers emerge from the jungle thinking that the Second World War is still happening. "This business is, you know, crazy," sighs Bayard.

You'd think 34-year-old Lita Kaiser would be content after winning a record-setting \$3,000 a month in mar-

rieds of dollars and world travel in the corporate jet or one of these family picnics all decorated in the family red-sal-turquoise. Next winter Mrs. Kaiser will try for a permanent divorce settlement of one-third of Kaiser's shareholdings in the company which are now worth about \$25 million. She claims that the work she did with her husband during their five-year union "was harder in a sense than my years as a stewardess."

In 1974, the song that was made Rosemary's carotenes was a poignant ditty called *Smooze* in the duo performed by Vancouver's Tanya Jones. Though Jacka, 35, retired from his sole business in 1976, apparently he thought there was more than three minutes worth of story in the song—a farewell saga from an optimistic dying boy. Transferring his talents from music to film, the tall, curly-haired good-

The gas man's silent parting

By Roderick McQueen

There were at dinner the evening before the June 30 annual meeting of Union Gas two men: Chairman and Chief Executive Officer William Stewart, two other members of the board of directors and some of the invited investment-consulting guests. One at one table smiled knowingly at what has become a highlight in Chatham, Ontario's social season. The glow from that night in the southern Ontario city where Union's head office is located did not, however, last. Less than three weeks later, the 60-year-old Harding had demanded and received Stewart's resignation. It was accepted at a July 16 board meeting, which Stewart wasn't allowed to attend to defend himself or discuss his views. The 34-year veteran of Union Gas took up the office, the company's nearest King's Highway aircraft, expense account driver and shows at Toronto's Royal York Hotel Imperial Room, removed the son-of-a-bitch suit from the wall of his third-floor Chatham office and departed. "It was," says Stewart, "a shock to me."

A three-scene press release pointing to "differences of view and approach between Mr. Stewart and the company's board of directors" was painstakingly drafted and released the next day. Says Director John Cronin, of London, Ont. "We spent a lot of time on those words." The sudden departure of Stewart, 56, leaves the position vacant in a company with 2,550 employees, about 440,000 customers and \$650 million of natural gas transmission and distribution lines in a triangular area from Windsor to Owen Sound to Toronto carrying about one-third of the gas used by Ontario industry and households. It was a decision arrived at by Harding, one of the founder of Harding Carpins and its current chairman, and some members of the board. Union director Joseph Land, also chairman of the Continental Bank of Canada, says the move was "a great number of things. I don't know that you could pick one." Analysts, however, blame the board as much as management for the company's lustrous performance during the past four or five years. "I wouldn't take that job unless there were five new directors," says one investment analyst.

Leaving presidents is not new to Union



Former president Stewart (left) and Harding, potentially crafted and released



Gas in 1974, then-president Bruce Wilson resigned over policy disputes with both the company and the industry. But Wilson gave the board six months' notice and Stewart was named the week Wilson resigned. Last month's leave-taking, while less stormy, was certainly more precipitous. However, while some of the board members were pushing for a reversal of the downturn in profits, others only learned of Stewart's ouster when they were notified of the July 16 meeting. "It was," says Land, "a surprise to some people on the board." Harding had requested Stewart's resignation the week before. "Would there be opportunity for discussion?" Stewart asked. "No," replied Harding.

Stewart did not attend the meeting held at the Harding Carpins office on Toronto's Yonge Street, rather than the more usual Chatham head office or the headquarters on the first floor of the service centre where Union has its Toronto offices. The afternoon meeting was short and quiet, a recorded voice accepted the resignation. Another absent director was former Ontario energy minister and treasurer Darcy McLaughlin who had been named to the board at the annual meeting. Though he was on holiday in Western Canada from the family plumbing firm in Chatham, his name has emerged as possible president as quickly as a mushroom in a rain-soaked lawn. It will likely be on the list the board search committee brings to the next board meeting Aug. 16. Harding, whose carpet company has lost money for the past two years, left later that July work for a holiday, offering no further explanation.

But for Stewart, there is only one word: Petros. In 1974, when future natural gas supplies looked scarce and Trans-Canada Pipelines—suppliers to eastern utilities like Union—warned of shortages within five years, Union studied a fourth alternative: access to Western Canadian natural gas, including liquefied natural gas from Algeria. Union settled on an expensive synthetic natural gas contract with Petros of Curaçao, Ont. But by 1978, Union's 100 billion cubic feet of storage was filled, the security issue had been solved, skyrocketing prices and conservation had checked consumption, government oil pricing policy meant natural oil was stealing industrial markets—and the expensive Petros gas was costing Union more than its selling price. Al-

though the Petros decision was taken before Stewart became president, he had been part of the management group which recommended it. A solution last year, selling the gas to Northern of Omaha, fell through when the U.S. Energy Regulatory Agency refused to permit the export. Also aggravating the board was the \$46 million—with no immediate profit return—pledged in 1977 for joint ventures investment over three years with Canadian Reserve Oil & Gas and Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas, both of Calgary.

The crunch came at Union Gas's submission was being prepared for Ontario Energy Board hearings later this month. The Union Gas board wanted the Petros losses included in the presentation in order to argue for offsetting rate increases. Stewart feared a furor from industrial and municipal customers who wouldn't want to pay for management's mistakes. Hoping a profitable export deal was still possible, he waited until Petros losses eroded.

It was then that Harding asked for his resignation, leaving Stewart to look for a new career within the industry, likely in Toronto or Western Canada. He is planning to move from his frame ranch-style house on the north edge of Chatham. For Union Gas, the search for solutions and people to find them continues. As former International Pipe chairman and Union Gas Director David Walden says, "In any company, as one person is indispensable. The company is bigger than any one individual."

Unaccustomed as I am...

...dusting of mean powder seems to be about as broad, but within it's got the most character and who wouldn't give this product? It's another all-time favorite! An expensive solution to clean television panel or polished porcelain wall in an age when self-represented is available even for the most ultimate of vandals, nervous executives can be taught common-sense with just as they can learn any other technical skill at job information. Among the gurus of gals in Borden Lavelle, native of Hamilton, Ontario, former head of show performer who now runs Speechway Inc. in Atlanta, Georgia.

Her advice is not hopeless, one that remains intact. "I don't know how to

Two can live cheaper as one

In the midst of a promiscuous year of mergers and take-overs, the announcement last week that Weekend Magazine and The Canadian have ended months of clandestine courtship and are to merge means the Saturday newspaper supplements will now perform a peculiar ritual: rape where the only conflict is a shredded balance sheet. Appearing somewhere within the folds of nearly four million copies of 35 newspapers across Canada, the two magazines will blend somewhat like penicillin and penicillin.

In fact, it's not really a marriage at all. Though its name will be honorably endorsed in the new title, Canadian Weekend, the style and content of the current Weekend will largely disappear, marking the end of a one-year experiment by Editor John Macfarlane which brought his equal measures of praise and abuse. Conspicuously the demise of his cerebral, 16-inch brand of journalism, Macfarlane was philosophical: "I don't know who was, but I know who lost—the Canadian consumer."

Indeed, not only are Canadians soon to be short one magazine, but also nearly one million fewer people will see the new magazine on launching day Oct. 27. The merger hasn't been a particularly happy task for the owners who



Phillip Page: "What was aim to be is the CBC of the magazine industry"

hope, according to the announcement, to "reduce present operating deficits." Martin Goodman, president of Toronto Star Newspapers Ltd. (publisher of the Toronto Star and co-owner of The Canadian)—the man considered the moving



make people be," says Lavelle. "I can only deal with that tension and help them." Her advice is not cheap. In Atlanta, she conducts two three-day seminars a month for 10 executives with individual tuition fees of \$650. Personal coaching costs \$25 an hour and she also charges a minimum of \$2,000 a day plus expenses if she conducts seminars outside Atlanta. She was a long-time performer from 1964 to 1984 on National Square, a one-hour children's show that pre-dates the long-running Art Show, but has a degree in speech arts from the University of Toronto North York Conservatory of Music and now earns by the dozens the corporate seminars she calls "her life help." The "way" of Speechway is Foreign Awareness: Strength (for self-esteem) and Joy. These keys to the kingdom that she offers can also include, however, up to 50 hours' rehearsal for a single speech—just so the audience sees the speaker's talent as "natural." Working with individuals and corporate entities, Lavelle coaches, inspires and builds confidence. "In the U.S., business has taken on a lot of entertainment value," she says. "In Canada, it's more boring."



Toronto Star's Goodman says take a more skeptical view of the ex-crocodile boss

force behind the merger—acknowledges bluntly that "it is not even possible by this merger to turn the magazine into a profitable venture, at least in the short term."

In proving forces as three-way owners of the new magazine, P.P. Publications, current sole owner of *Weekend*, and Southern Ltd. and Tantor Corp. which owns *The Canadian*, are determined to keep hold of the approximately \$15 million in advertising revenue currently generated by the two magazines. *Weekend*, the original Saturday supplement, was a gold mine for its owners in the late 1960s and 1969s, as was *The Canadian*, too, for a short time after its arrival in 1961—before television and specialty advertising eliminated their competitive advantage as advertising vehicles. For at least the past five years, however, the two magazines have been bogging along with mounting deficits. Rumored schemes for drastic surgery have dumped staffers at both magazines while the end-consortium saw president of P.P. Publications, George Currie, negotiated satisfactory terms.

Some insiders, however, take a more skeptical view of the crocodile tears shed by the owners over deficits. Lewin Leishold, with *Weekend* since its first issue in September, 1961, and now its publisher, notes that the magazine's "deficit" (the amount not raised by advertising revenue and thus raised in the form of a levy charged to each subscrip-

per carrying the magazine) is about three cents per copy. Questioning whether that amount is really large enough to warrant "bailing" one of the two, he says "Many papers already pay 2½ cents for their Saturday news section—so what price do you attach to the magazine supplement?" The editor of one Ontario newspaper, formerly a carrier of *Weekend*, was offered the right to subscribe for 3½ cents a copy—about the same as the current price.

There are also larger struggles at work as the three co-owners, Canada's three largest newspaper publishers,

continue to jockey for position in competing markets across the country. With the Thomson and Irving newspapers not even part of the deal, it's likely that their cities won't even see the new magazine, though Canadian *Weekend* officials aren't yet revealing the final list of "selected markets." Meanwhile in two-paper cities such as Vancouver, Winnipeg and Montreal, where P.P. and Southern have been struggling for circulation supremacy, at least one paper will lose the Saturday supplement. Both Ann Rhodes and Gordon Page, editor and publisher respectively of *The Canadian*, will move to the new magazine which is expected to lean toward all-Canadian service-oriented and how-to articles. "What we aim to be," rhymes Page, "is the cat of the magazine industry. As such, we have a responsibility to be a Canadian magazine about Canadians." Putting, he adds slyly, "That doesn't mean we have to be dull, you know." Anthony Whittingham

It's all a matter of how high

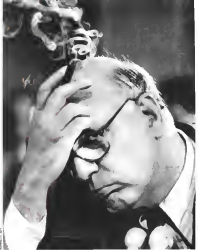
The world shook from the cheap euphoria for which he's famous formed planning signals throughout the Senate confirmation hearings last week. The financial establishment, badly shaken by President Jimmy Carter's cabinet finger, read the signs to say better times are coming. As the

polar-faced Paul A. Volcker takes over as head of the U.S. Federal Reserve Board this week, he brings into the office a bias toward higher interest rates as the best inflation fighter. And for Canadians, whose rates are set in the U.S. to the extent that Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bouey has moved rates in lockstep with U.S. increases for 18 months, Volcker's snake is drifting north.

Volcker told the Senate Banking Committee during confirmation hearings last week "defeating inflation is the most fundamental thing we can do to strengthen the dollar abroad, and an initial step will be to reduce the rate of growth in the money supply." The necessary committee approval was little more than a rubber stamp with one day of committee hearings—and Senate approval Thursday. The rush of the process reflected Capitol Hill's desire to get the conservative money manager into his new job as quickly as possible to calm foreign financial markets. Though far from popular with liberal Democrats in Washington, Volcker is seen as tough enough to withstand White House pressure to dilute anti-inflation policies as Carter faces re-election next year with recession widely forecast. Even glibly evasive and sarcastic Chairman William Proxmire admitted that Volcker is kinder but much needed medicine. He said "To some people in the United States you may be the personification of the Eastern Banker—conservative and not bothered by the prospect of raising unemployment. Nevertheless, you are the best man President Carter could have picked for the job."

Volcker had told the committee, meeting in the same sub-panelled room for some of the same committee members, that fighting inflation will be his top priority regardless of what any interest rates are headed. "I don't want interest rates any higher than they have to be," he said, "but if inflation isn't curbed I just don't know if any rate will do it." Volcker said rates as low as they used to be. An increase would further dampen domestic economic activity and lead to higher unemployment—and considerable political pressure to soften the action. The Volcker stream that he will not back down to the president or to Congress.

Volcker, who replaces G. William Miller, a more liberal economist who moves to treasury secretary in place of the fired W. Michael Blumenthal, also tossed baggage from Washington investment banker and former undersecretary of the treasury, Robert V. Roosa. "He's absolutely the right man and I'm delighted," said Roosa. "A first-rate appointment," said Rod Roll of Lon-



Volcker's S.G. Warburg & Company Volcker was the respect of European bankers during the delicate negotiations to devalue the American dollar

Volcker's S.G. Warburg & Company Volcker was the respect of European bankers during the delicate negotiations to devalue the American dollar

don's S.G. Warburg & Company Volcker was the respect of European bankers during the delicate negotiations to devalue the American dollar and let it float on world currency markets. Basically, one of Volcker's first tasks at the Fed will be to stem the downward movement of the dollar that these agreements made possible. His reputation, clear, initially seemed enough to begin the job even of his appointment solidified the case for the American dollar had taken since the October jump two weeks ago.

The 63-year-old Volcker is an imposing figure at six-foot, seven inches and 260 pounds. During an overnight stay at the U.S. embassy in Paris in 1974, Volcker had to sleep on an extra-long bed recently constructed for a visit of President Lyndon Johnson in Paris, the only comfortable place for Volcker to settle his frame was a bed made to fit the guest of French politics, Charles de Gaulle.

Despite his rapport with European bankers, Volcker remains resolutely American in his lifestyle. He relaxes with a beer in front of a televised foot-

ball game and recently disappeared from an international monetary conference in London to go trout fishing. Though he's not given to temperamental outbursts, on one occasion the pressures of global finance provoked an awkward response. At a conference in Copenhagen, he became so exasperated over bickering about gold balances that he rounded up some friends and headed to the famed Tivoli Gardens amusement park, where he vented his frustration with a carnival game of throwing balls at china plates.

His move from New York to Washington brings a salary cut from the \$16,000 as chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank, to only \$13,500. Asked if he would always accept administrative posts, Volcker, whose four-year term ends in November, says he may accept the post at this point, and Fed policy "might clash at some point with President Carter's." Meanwhile, there's only smoke, no fire. William Leisher/Rita Christopher

Let me count the days

After years of bad-checking, they all at last have themselves to announce. Daily interest had come to the Big Five chartered banks. Leap available at bank companies and even from the now merged Uni Bank, daily interest has been one of those products sitting on a shelf in the Big Five banks in Canada, waiting for the right moment. The right moment, of course, was when someone said it wasn't. Interest in regular savings accounts was credited every six months based on the lowest required balance in each of those months. The Bank of Montreal had called a news conference for Tuesday to announce something of a "symbolic interest to retail banking customers." An advertisement promoting the new service mistakenly ran on Monday on a Vancouver radio station

The 10-minute clip was heard by an Intel Royal Bank of Canada branch manager and the Royal announced its own daily interest plan known as The Calculator later the same day. The Bank of Montreal, which calls itself the First Canadian bank, was called at bank first by market line, even though the Bank moved its announcement ahead to Monday. The Bank of Nova Scotia announced its daily interest account Wednesday. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce followed Thursday and the Toronto Dominion will likely announce it plan the week. This new set of counts will pay up to one per cent less than regular non-checking savings accounts. Competition in the branches and nudges from the federal department of consumer and corporate affairs have made the plan and now argued by the banks to be too costly more likely. Volcker over the revolution, the announcements last week showed, as did the new accounts that every day does count.

Passing the buck on Canadian content

By Derm Durwody

James Bone, the young quarterback from the University of Western Ontario, might be forgiven for thinking that the job—or, worse, the Canadian Football League—were against him that day in late May, 1978, when he reported to the Hamilton Tiger-Cats training camp. First, the head coach, Tom Dimitroff, failed to recognize him, then, with his lieutenant, Alvin Engelen listening (probably, he was offered a contract for the less-than-princely sum of \$14,000 a year on a take-it-or-leave-it basis).

Refused a playbook, chided for reporting late (in fact, the Tiger-Cats never told him when training camp was to start) and denied what he considered

Bone outside court: U.S. players bother

to be a fair chance to prove himself against the four American quarterback hopefuls, Canada's league-leading college passer was cut after 12 days.

His problem, Bone decided, was that he was a Canadian—and that CFL coaches, in general, and the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in particular, simply didn't want to fill the all-important quarterback position with some home brew out of some kick Canadian college.

Last season in a Toronto courtroom, a board of inquiry convened at the request of the Ontario Human Rights Commission heard Bone's complaint. The board listened to a succession of young and not-so-young football types testify on the discrimination facing the Canadian (and other) quarterbacks who wanted to play in the CFL. Under questioning by John Sopinka (a former CFI player) who represented both the commission and Bone, their collective evidence was to the effect that the CFL's American coaches and general managers were biased in favor of keeping two import quarterbacks because: (1) the designated-import rule works to their advantage; (2) big-name, high-salaried U.S. quarterbacks will season tickets while lesser known Canadian college players don't; and (3) there exists a well-established "old-boy" network among CFL coaches and U.S. college coaches which makes the CFL coach more receptive to a recommendation from American college coaches than the same from coaches at unheard-of universities in Canada.

For all those reasons, James Bone, undoubtedly the most highly regarded Canadian college quarterback since Russ Jackson, believed he had been discriminated against. After his conspicuous start at the Hamilton camp, where he came. Under Dimitroff he was given about half as many plays to run as the favored Americans, Jimmy Jones and Tom Schwan. While collecting his \$8-per-day stipend (standard in 1978) he complained to General Manager Bob Shaw that he wasn't being given a fair chance. Shaw's response? "Well, it takes a hell of a lot of guts for a coach to play a Canadian quarterback." Bone asked up for Hamilton's first pre-season game, but was never played. He was released and moved through the league.

Last fall he returned to Western to get a teaching certificate and again was acclaimed as Canada's most outstanding college player. Last spring, after filling his complaint before the commission, Grand Justice Bone faced the possibility that his playing career might be over.

The designated import rule in question sets out two options for coaches. Option A: A team can carry a 15th import provided he substitutes only once, and that the team be evident stage of the field for the rest of the game. But Option B, introduced in 1970, makes special provision for quarterbacks. If the 15th "designated import" plays the post position, he can be interchanged freely with a substitute import quarterback, thus allowing a coach to utilize and use frequent access to his high-priced American help. While there may be exceptional circumstances favoring the adoption of Option A—the availability of a clearly superior Canadian quarterback, for example—CFL coaches have overwhelmingly demonstrated their preference for the second option.

The result, Sopinka told the inquiry, is that the Canadian professional quarterback is right up there with the sleeping crabs on the endangered species list. He dramatized the situation, said coaches Ron Murphy of the University of Toronto Blues and Darwin Semak of the Western Mustangs, that some high-school quarterbacks request transfer to other positions on coaching the college level.

But it was Tim Dimitroff, now head coach at the University of Guelph, whose testimony did the severest damage to the Tiger-Cat and the league's cause. Dimitroff at first insisted he had kept two imports, Jimmy Jones and Tom Schwan (who was let go in mid-season) over Bone because they "had the best talent, experience and know-how for the job." The rule, he testified, had never entered his mind.

Then came Sopinka's aggressive cross-examination and Dimitroff, floundering with his spectacles, was no longer so certain. Ever candid, the veteran coach admitted he believed that U.S. players are superior to Canadians, mainly because they are better trained at the high-school and college levels. He then conceded he had made up his mind that Bone wasn't going to be his quarterback long before the Canadian had reported to camp. Bone's only hope, he said, had been a possible change in the rules that would have allowed teams to keep an extra non-import as a designated quarterback. CFC Commissioner Jake Gaudin later told Macklin's legal authorities had advised the CFL that the proposed rule change would violate the Human Rights Code in that it discriminated against Americans. He agreed with Sopinka that in a telephone con-

sultation with a Human Rights commission officer he had said that in releasing Bone he had "simply taken advantage of the league rule [the B rule] like all the other coaches."

Mounted lawsuits are currently the only exception to the rule, employing Canadian Gerry Dettloff as a third-string quarterback, although during the exhibition schedule it looked as if he might win the starting role. Dettloff gave the inquiry a not-so-rosy but quite contributed account of a Canadian quarterback's life in the CFL. A native Montebello, Dettloff attended the University of Northern Colorado in the early '70s and set 16 school records before graduating in 1975. The Alchemist No. 1 generated a job in '76, he was told by then coach Mary Levy that he would be given every chance at quarterback. "At the time I didn't know about the designated import rule," he testified. "It came as a big shock. I wasn't given any chance to prove myself."

After playing wingback, being placed on the injury reserve list (though not injured), traded to Toronto and playing on kicking teams, returning to Montreal to play as outside linebacker, wide-quarterback, defensive back, wide receiver, slotback ("I'm day they ask me to play offensive tackle," he told Macklin's "that's the day I retire"), Dettloff is

now playing a quarterback. He told the commission he had been victimized by the B rule and that if he knew what he knows now, he would have taken out American citizenship while at college (BFL rules effectively block that maneuver).

"I suggest," continued Sopinka as he returned to Dimitroff, "that you kept Mr. Bone in camp for 32 days knowing you had decided he couldn't make the team."

"Would you have treated him the same if he had been the leading U.S. college passer?" "Probably not," Dimitroff said.

In a two-hour summation at the close of the hearing July 17, Sopinka still bristled with indignation. "The result of this inherent prejudice of coaches and management is that the profranchise creates a self-fulfilling prophecy. Americans are given more opportunity to prove themselves in training camps. Therefore they are the only ones who can obtain credentials of being a winner. The circumstances clearly reveal that only Americans are permitted to gain experience at the quarterback position."

On Bone's 12-day tryout was a mere shrug.

Bone (No. 1) in college game. The "old-boy" network only takes America

If the chairman found that Bone had been a victim of discrimination, Sopinka said, then Hamilton should pay him his 1978 contracted salary, \$14,000. In addition, Hamilton should be required to give him a one-month tryout without being allowed to exercise the B rule.

And what of Saturday's loss, sitting passively with his attractive young girlfriend in the last row of the near-empty stadium? When McQueen hands down his decision—later this month—Bone will learn his fate. Or will he? He has been around long enough to know that professional sports organizations report only to themselves and don't look kindly on athletes who take their game to court. If McQueen finds in his favor, would he really get a fair shot at the quarterback slot or would it be a repeat of 1978?

In his quiet way he told Macklin: "I didn't want to make up five years from now wishing I'd done something else. But I didn't do it. I didn't want any Canadian quarterback to have to go through what I went through. I only wish someone had stood up when I was still a high-school player." And there's always the possibility that somewhere out there in the CFL, someday, there might be a coach with a hell of a lot of guts.



9:13 beats Quidi Vidi's magnificent seven

Regatta Day in St. John's, Newfoundland, is like no other holiday in North America, if not the world. For one thing, it never rains on Regatta Day. That's because the holiday is declared by a self-perpetuating committee of private individuals. The holiday is held on the first Wednesday in August, unless the Regatta committee decides, sometimes as late as 8 a.m., that the weather isn't good enough. The criteria for going ahead are, first, that it be a warm and sunny day and, second, that the wind be not too strong. If the weather doesn't co-operate, the committee will postpone until the first Thursday in August or the first Friday, or ... in other words, until the first five-day or so after the first Wednesday of the month. A most confused procedure.

The Regatta is one of the oldest continuing sporting events in North America and, without the "continuing" condition attached, may be the oldest sporting event in the world still held on an annual basis. "We use the date 1828 on the letterhead, but recent research indicates the event goes much further back than that," says John O'Mara, the archivist for the committee. "There was an event in The Royal Gazette about it in 1816, and the races had apparently been going on for some time. We're starting to suspect the holiday began as early as the 1700s." In the early days the races involved puffy boats, gigs and just about anything else that could be rowed, and on a few occasions sailing boats and yachts as well. Gradually the concrete built some uniformity into the races and they are now rowed in six-masted, coxed shells without sliding seats.

The champion Smith Stacks crew owns these greeny pigs and grassed poles



The 55-foot boats, each weighing about 480 pounds, race on a 1/25-mile course in Lake Quidi Vidi (pronounced Kwidia Vidi or Kidy Vidi, according to personal preference) in the east end of St. John's.

The event has become a Newfoundland tradition, almost an institution. Over the years a fantastic amount of memorabilia has accumulated—for example, the set of medals struck on a commission from Lord Brassey, Lord of the Cinque Ports, in 1914. The seven gold medals—which cost \$25 at the time—are known as the Lord Warden's Medals and are on display at St. John's city hall. They have never been awarded, and likely never will be, because they are reserved for the first crew to "beat 9:13."

Actually, the exact time was nine minutes, 13 4/5 seconds, the best time any crew has ever rowed. It was done in 1881 by a crew from Oakes Cove, after they walked the seven miles into St. John's carrying their boat, Blue Peter, on their shoulders. After the race, they carried the boat home. But those were the days when many, if not most, of the participants were fishermen who rowed their boats all the time. The fastest recent time was nine minutes, 32 seconds, in 1978.

The festival part of the event has changed more, perhaps, than the sporting side, but it is still primarily a very special kind of country fair. There are tents and stands (more than 150 concessions this year) selling drinks and food, trinkets and souvenirs, or offering games of chance. "Unfortunately we don't have things like the greasy pole or the greasy pig anymore," O'Mara says wistfully of such "just plain fun" games which operated exactly as their names



Jack Keadragon, Garry Melrose and Garry Angel on the starting line. One fine day

implied. One pig was to walk across a greased pole—or fall into the lake if you slipped. A later variation involved climbing a greased pole to ring a bell at the top. The greasy pig still provided the challenge of wrestling with a well-oiled pig in the usually vain attempt to pin the animal to the ground.

For those who race, on some pulling is easier for pure sport is the thing, with hours of training and practice every day, from early summer on. Some crews are out to beat 9:13, while others are just trying to do their best, year after year. Last Wednesday, the team from South Stackley, a St. John's plumbing and heating company, proved unbeatable for the second year in a row—although its time of 18 minutes, 1.30 seconds was disappointing. And a team of women from the Health Sciences complex, a new hospital in St. John's, sponsored a half course in six minutes, 51.28 seconds to capture the dwarf title. Women have been competing in Regatta Day for many years, but it was the first time that anyone had thought to put up a championship cup for them.

Robert Plunkin



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Environment

Out of the bog a nest to last

Through the docket of Man's crimes against Nature daily grows larger and more dismal, there is the occasional credit entry standing out like a gold star in a murky world. One is Manitoba's Oak Hammock Marsh, just 18 miles north of Winnipeg—a refreshing example of Man furthest from rather than looking for his ecological nest. This summer, for the first time, guided walks through the marsh's meandering layways are being organized by the Manitoba Naturalists Society, with the help of a Young Canada Works grant. Public response has been keen; tinged with amazement that such an ornithological paradise sits right on Winnipeg's doorstep.

Dave Keown as St. Andrew's Bog, the 3,500 acres of marsh and 4,000 acres of surrounding upland habitat have long been a resting point for a few thousand

ducks, geese, sandhill cranes and shorebirds in spring and fall. Today it attracts hundreds of thousands, thanks to deliberate conservation measures started in 1967 by the federal and provincial governments and the privately funded Ducks Unlimited, an association of hunters sometimes at odds with naturalists. "Sure they're encouraging the birds to breed, but it's only so they can pop at them later," says Bob Walden, a former president of the Manitoba Naturalists Society. "Hunting isn't allowed at the marsh, but from their attitude you'd think they own it."

The marsh is considered by naturalists the richest sanctuary in the Prairies. Basically, what the marsh has done, it is alter migration patterns, steering flight paths away from terrain well beyond and guiding several hundred species to the lush and fertile area. It

has also become one of the most productive waterfowl breeding grounds in Canada, with some nearby farmers claiming it's too successful as they survey crop fields decimated by the feathered plunderers. So far, about \$800,000 has been spent on development, according to Rod Fowler, provincial manager of Ducks Unlimited, which dropped in \$10,000. The 48-year-old organization raises money from hunters in the U.S. and spends most of it—\$14.5 million this year—improving waterfowl habitats and production in Canada. At Oak Hammock that improvement, completed in 1976, has included creation of 56 man-made nesting islands and three water compartments, separated by dikes with central gates.

Apart from the gaggle of geese and flocks of ducks, which swoop in every year, marsh-watchers so far report spotting 360 species of birds and are still counting. Phil Horch, president of the Manitoba Naturalists Society and a keen birder, says the Least Tern, Herring, Black-necked Stilt, Cinnamon Teal and Old-Square Duck have all been sighted, in addition to the more usual Marsh Hawk, warblers, orioles, wrens, gulls, Scaup and phalaropes. "Birders from the U.S. and beyond are beginning to make Oak Hammock a stopping point as they go north to observe the shorebirds at Churchill," says Horch. "Historically,



Point Pelee in southern Ontario is the breeding area of Canada but I think Oak Hammock is just as spectacular and will be as well known before long."

Naturalist Wayne Neely, Canadian director of the North American Birding Association and organizer of the two-hour conducted walks for the public, says dawn and dusk are the best time for nature-watching. His tours include a weekend on some of the two dozen species of waterfowl that can be easily spotted within half an hour of entering the marsh—Gadwall, Shoveler, Green-Winged Teal, Black Turn, Franklin's Gull, Stilt Sandpiper and dozens of other squabblers abound. Neely points delightedly to two young ravens and says in early May the marsh is one of the best observation areas for Peregrine Falcons. Clearly, he's a man who enjoys his work, pleased at being key-holder as he unlocks Oak Hammock's wonders for another gawping group of cry-bred adults or schoolchildren.

One of the greatest phenomena will occur this fall when geese and ducks, sometimes in flocks numbering up to 200,000, descend for a rest on their journey north. "Watching 50,000 Snow Geese fly by is a sight I believe, something you can never forget," chirps Phil Horch. "It's one of the wonders of the world." **Peter Carlyle-Gordage**

Marsh at sunset (far left), Mallard's nest (above), from the air (top) and two Red-winged water hawks (right), pelicans (bottom) harvesting the nest.





Adventure

Around the world in 1,096 days

"We goe abroad," tersely stated the note on a colleague's desk. No indication where, why or for how long. But members of Britain's Transglobe Expedition, now preparing to embark on the first surface circumnavigation of the world through both polar regions, are used to such cryptic messages from their leader, a 35-year-old baronet of few words, who boasts one of England's most splendid names—Sir Ranulph Twissleton Wythburn-Ponsonby. "Run" Ponsonby—he has dropped two-thirds of his surname and the remaining bit is pronounced "Toes"—is an ex-Royal Scots Greys officer turned professional explorer who has published five books about his travels, including a 1991 journey in rubber boats down the Northwest Territories' hair-raising South Nahanni River, known as the Headless Valley Expedition. Several previous explorers who attempted to

Photos (above) and ship: 'goe' abroad

Desert and the 3,000-mile-long Northwest Passage, as well as crossing 2,000 miles of the ice-covered, deeply furrowed Antarctic plateau—900 miles of it is still unexplored. Three expedition members—Ponsonby, Charles Burton, 47, and Oliver Shepard, 36—will make up the "ice group" for the polar crossings while "Gunny" Ponsonby and two others operate the base camp and communications. The team, chosen out of 45 applicants, is completed by aviation and marine personnel.

The six at the heart of the operation will spend two harsh winters in the polar regions, from February to November, 1990, in prefabricated huts 3,000 feet up in the Andes, and from October, 1991, to April, 1992, at Alert, an Ellesmere Island, the northernmost part of Canada. There will be intervals of urban civilization at eight trade fairs around the world, from Paris to Vancouver, when the explorers will be boosting the trade of companies—500 in date—which have backed the venture with supplies and equipment. Ponsonby's previous expeditions netted a staggering \$34 million worth of sales for sponsors. Club backers are the C.T. Browning shipping and insurance group, providers of the ship (named for its founder who began business in Newfoundland in 1811) and the Marsh and McLennan insurance-broker group of New York.

Aside from its trade-boasting content, the expedition has two major aims. One is scientific, to carry out research for some half-dozen organizations including Ottawa's Polar Continental Research Project and London's Middlesex Hospital. And the other, as Charles Burton put it, is simply "to do it"—first.

The most hazardous part of the expedition, says Burton, will be the crossing of Antarctica, sent by crevasses which plunge as deep as a mile and vary in width from one to 50 feet. On one training season, 1,100 miles north of the Arctic Circle, the team had to haul sleds and sledges over jagged ice walls up to 35 feet high. They sweated heavily, and the sweat tended to freeze particles inside their underwear.

But they will be technologically better equipped than previous polar explorers. Klimatec's aid will make accurate navigation possible even in "whiteouts." They will wear special heat-retaining suits for up to two months at a stretch, so declared that they need only dozing inside with powder to keep them warm. And no matter what fate brings, says Burton, the expedition will succeed. "If we all drop dead, we'll still fly out from London. The Transglobe Expedition will be completed, even if not by us." Carol Kennedy

Health

A vial in every fridge

When ambulance driver Dave Weir responded to an emergency call at a Surrey, B.C., apartment, he found a weak, disoriented, incontinent 76-year-old woman unable to tell him what was wrong. Searching the apartment, he found precisely what he needed on the refrigerator door was a red dial with a bulging white V that told him a "Vial of Life" was inside. A quick glance at the vial's contents revealed that the woman suffered from diabetes. Suspecting an insulin reaction, Weir gave her a glass of sweetened orange juice. "If I hadn't known that she was diabetic, I would never have given her anything by mouth," Weir explained. "But with the information in the vial, I could take action right away."

Weir was thrilled to see a Vial of Life make the difference. He has been a prime mover behind the program that now puts vials in 300,000 British Columbia fridges during the past six months and eventually aims to reach every household (about 975,000) in the province.

The program is simple. A firm brings nurses, health aides, medical social workers, health problems (including allergies) and regular medications of household members is stuffed into a clear plastic, two-inch-long vial which is fastened with a rubber band to a refrigerator shelf. The fridge was chosen because it's easy to find and constant to almost every home. If a person is unconscious or family members are not forthcoming to answer questions, the vial can give ambulance crews immediate information.

The orange juice—given to the woman about 30 minutes before she reached the hospital—not only stabilized her condition but it also probably speeded her recovery. Says Weir: "By the time we got to the hospital, she was coming around, talking rationally." The program, moreover, avoided expensive and time-consuming tests to diagnose her ailment.

To the province's ambulance drivers, that adds up to more efficient emergency care and is reason enough to back



Ask Me About



AMBULANCE EMPLOYEES' VIAL OF LIFE PROGRAMME IT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE



Vial of Life? In fridge (above) has ambulance driver's support. Text below

entrepreneur Don Pullinger, whose subsidiary, Marsons Agency Ltd., of Surrey, produces and sells the kits. On days off and in the evenings, the ambulance drivers have convinced service organizations, church groups, fire and police departments, the Vancouver branch of the Red Cross and tenant associations to buy the vials, forms and decals for \$2 cents a kit and distribute them for free. A \$50,000 grant to the ambulance employees from the B.C. Lottery fund will be used to purchase kits to be handed out at the Pacific National Exhibition this month.

Pullinger expects the program to match the success of Vial of Life in the U.S. where two years ago it was successful in Michigan and has spread to 34 states. Pullinger has bilingual forms and plans to distribute vials in Quebec and Alberta.

The elderly living alone are not the only ones in whom a vial is a security. Parents leaving children with babysitters can be sure correct information will be supplied. And newly arrived immigrant families, who receive help in filling out the forms, can be confident the language barrier won't delay medical care.

Ambulance drivers think the vial can literally make the difference between life and death, but they're grateful for it even in cases when it doesn't. An driver from Halls Bay puts it: "People are in pain. They're hostile and resent it when you ask them for numbers (instead of taking them to the hospital)." The Vial of Life taken at least some of the stress out of distress. Ann Roberts



After 10 years of bringing up a family in a world of rising prices, your electricity is still a good value.

Remember 1969? If you were an average Ontario family, you were probably earning around \$10,000. Out of that you spent \$1,350 to put a roof over your heads and consumed another \$1,750 at mealtimes. In those days, a car could cost you \$896 to run and it took just a few dollars less at \$805 a year to keep the family well dressed.

In 1969, the electricity to light your home, cook your meals, heat the water and run your appliances was a good buy in Ontario for about 1½ cents a kilowatt hour.

In the next 10 years as your family grew so did your income. But prices soared. By 1978, your average family earned between them, more than \$24,000.

A place to live took \$3,700 and more. While feeding your family added up to another \$4,000 out of your pocket. In 1978, running a car cost you about \$2,384 and putting the family's wardrobe together was a hefty \$1,757.

Electricity at about 3 cents a kilowatt hour is still one of the real

values left. This is especially true if it's not wasted by using more than you really have to.

Providing the electricity you need has been part of our responsibility to you for over 70 years.



Electricity—when you need it, we're there.



Jack Daniel Distillery. Former a Whiskey Valley Place by the late late James H. Hunter.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we have everything we need to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Our distillers work hard.

We have daily deliveries of the finest grain American farmers can grow. A stream of iron-free water (ideal for whiskey-making) that flows close by our door. And a unique way of smoothing out whiskey by filtering it for days through ten feet of finely-packed charcoal. Thanks to all these things—and some others too—Jack Daniel's has been awarded five gold medals by judges all over the world. If you're seeking a truly smooth whiskey, we predict a pleasurable moment when you discover Jack Daniel's.



Agriculture

No small potatoes

It resembles a monstrous cactus, tastes like salty sprouts and has twice the iron of that leafy-green vegetable ignored, but not forgotten. It has grown wild in the shores of English marshes of the Atlantic provinces for generations. Now, with a little help from science, sulphure—a more palatable name than saltwort—could be transformed into a major new cash crop for the region, growing tables in Quebec and beyond.

So geologist Gilles Poulin, researcher at the Université de Moncton, who, with colleagues, has been searching for five years for a way to turn the salty marshland (about 80,000 acres rimming the Bay of Fundy and Northumberland Strait, alone) into an economic bonanza. Poulin, in fact, has tested the greens on palates in Quebec City, Montreal and Ottawa. "We haven't found anybody who doesn't like them,"

Locally, the eight- to 10-inch plants, rich in iron and potassium, are a source of minerals (sodium, potassium and calcium) are steamed as a green or baked with pork. But Poulin says the plant's bore-like stems also make a fine pickle and can be used in a chowder.

The time may not be quite ripe, though, for a major science harvest. Poulin's still crop up with cultivating machinery that rusts and equipment that bogs down in the soft and salty marshes. A tractor developed by the federal department of agriculture just may be one answer. At the moment, J.R. Levesque of the university's engineering department is developing a tiller to work in sticky clay.

If problems can be overcome, Poulin believes the marshland could support a whole range of other crops—from sugar beets to turnips. But sulphure is favored, because they don't require special treatment; pigs furnish all the fertilizer they need; they aren't eaten by weeds and aren't attacked by parasites, insects or fungi. The greens could be cultivated in many parts of the globe, says Poulin, including Third World countries. As for the Atlantic provinces, the researcher confidently predicts "We could expect a crop that would provide an average return of \$100-\$200 an acre" (if sold for \$1 a pound and harvested twice a year). And though it would be a specialty item, compared with the region's main cash crop (pigs) yielding an average \$800-\$900 an acre, that's no small potatoes. David Feiler

Books



Norman Podhoretz



Irving Kristol

A bridge over the tricky waters of neoconservatism

By Barbara Amiel

Popular journalism is not without its ills. It keeps readers agitated as newly discovered headline cracks in 30-30s, informs us of the latest on-head-of-state in emphatic terms, and keeps us in touch with the candid confessions of Margaret Trudeau and Betty Ford—including those more properly confined to diaries and chat with their gynecologists or best girlfriends. Where popular journalism falls down is in the more careful making of ideas. Contrary to belief, newspapers, television and magazines don't start trends; they lag as well-served backwaters. Sometimes, as in the case of this year's news-the-political philosophy of neoconservatism—the news have been changing along for three decades. But it was not until Clif Felner, the now-departed editor of *Esquire* magazine and undisciplined lieutenant of the Latest Thing, put the neoconservative movement on the cover of last February's *Esquire* (that the media could fall into line with confident American neoconservatism was officially a phenomenon. Only one problem remained: what, in God's name, was it?)

Esquire did it best. Neoconservatism, as *Who's Who* Time Is Now proclaimed the special section, which went on to include a preview from Peter Statek's new book, *The Neoconservative*, illustrated by pictures of key neocons like husband and wife Norman Podhoretz (author of *Making It*) and Major Dexter (the *New Country* & Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation). Then there was a handy list

telling those readers in search of a quack-tastic member of the species where to go: like to eat (Helen Paulsen in New York, the old Park in Washington) and naming things seemed could do without—the Third World, Friends of the Earth and *The New York Review of Books* had perverts of course, made recently virtually indistinguishable from three-quarters of editorial ink from *Americanism*, *The Netherlands*, to *Victoria*, B.C. But the publication, last month, of Statek's book, *Neoconservative: The Men Who Are Changing America's Politics* (Morrow, \$25.95), does provide an invaluable guide to the important and tricky waters of neoconservative history and literature. Statek's one problem with the movement is clear: he is an outsider, being by the strong arm of neoconservatism but shocked to the core of its "liberal" being by its inappreciative attraction.

History. Neoconservatism is an idea whose time has come, one Clif Felner says in its ideal—and practitioners—are quite. But not from the mainstream of American conservative thought. That mainstream, a trickle really, as Statek points out, began in the late '40s and divided into several groups: the traditional conservatives, often with strong ties to the Roman or Anglo-Catholic Church and a clearly defined commitment to stability and order; the society, the many subgroups of ex-Communists and radicals who became converts to conservatism solely by their anti-communism; and finally, a small group of classical liberals much influenced by the Austrian-born economists (and refugees from Hitler) Lud-

wig von Mises and Friedrich von Hayek, whose concern with the rights of the individual in the newly expanding post-war state led to the libertarian wing of conservatism. If the neoconservatives have more in common with one of these groups than the others, it is with the adherents of von Hayek's and von Mises' school of thought.

Was there ever? Today's neoconservatives are largely Jewish (Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell, Norman Podhoretz, Nathan Glazer) but even if they happen not to be, they are rarely proper to the American East Coast and Yale tradition. This permits the old Catholics to enter the neocon ranks, such as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, as well as urbanologist Edward R. Shils and criminologist James Q. Wilson. Most neocons are converts from socialism.

They cluster around two of the most provocative magazines of ideas in the United States. *The Public Interest*, edited by Kristol and Glazer, and *Conservative*, edited by Norman Podhoretz. They publish—and publish—books that elaborate on their theses. Among them: *Thinking About Conservatives* by William F. Buckley, which challenges the environmental theory of the cause of crime; Kristol's *Two Cheers for Capitalism*, which does for free (almost) enterprise what John Kenneth Galbraith did for socialism; and *Americanism* by Glazer, which concerns are pretty much explained by his book's title.

Most neocons are new close to or in their 50s. Though they may have started off as socialists, they were consistently anti-Communist both while this was a fashionable stand in America and while it was not. (In fact, among American intellectuals, anti-communism was not a fashionable position even under the late salaried Senator Joseph McCarthy. The country's political and social institutions may have been rapidly sold out, but the intellec-

nal community—with some notable exceptions—considered McCarthy, J. Edgar Hoover and John Foster Dulles the bigger threat. Irving Kristol could co-exist with some justification in a 1988 Commentary article: "There is one thing that the American people know about Senator McCarthy, he, like them, is unequivocally anti-Communist. About the spokesmen for American liberalism, they feel they know so much about?"

What makes believe: This is tricky. Neoco conservatism cannot be understood without first understanding classic liberalism. A classic liberal is one who thinks in terms of the individual rather than the group. A liberal values liberty in every sphere—economy, culture and economics—and restricts it only in the most extreme circumstances, or when it infringes on another person's liberty. The spiritual fathers of this sort of liberalism were—among others—de Tocqueville, John Stuart Mill and Thomas Jefferson. This is, in fact, the most ancient American political tradition, but the mainstream of American political thought has steadily drifted away from this concept of liberalism toward the glacial speed of democratic socialism, though it has continued to call itself "liberal." The people who wouldn't drift along have become the neoconservatives. Apart from being so-called, they are conservative in two senses: (1) they are literally concerning the American tradition that was classic liberalism; and (2) in the process they have been thrown together with the traditional conservatives (such as William F. Buckley Jr. of *National Review* and Pulitzer Prize-winner George F. Will,



Donald Bell



Nathan Glazer



Donald Patrick Mayhew

author of *The Perils of Populism and Other Sobering Thoughts* and a syndicated columnist) where they've picked up some conservative ideas and habits of mind.

This leads to trouble because very few see liberty in the economic sense and a little less sensitive to it in manners and mores. Conservatism of areas like pornography or legislation relating to what they would perceive as public health issues (drugs and belts to mention) would not be as alien to the neoconservative mind as conservatism of the free market. But neocon doctrine goes far beyond the rampant welfare state, housing, equalization and bureaucratic versions of do-gooding. They maintain that the fallacies of the Great Society to eradicate poverty, crime, inflation and bad urban service indicate that the greatest good for all members of society will come not from more of the same left-liberal programs but from an emphasis on individual liberty. Conservatives and socialists may differ on what is the desirable condition in human affairs, but when they opt it the instinct of both is immediately to legislate it into being. A liberal would merely endeavor to provide the most operating circumstances for it to flourish. In the end, the importance of the neoconservatives may be to bring us back to the classic liberal approach.

While the thoughts of the neoconservatives may not be new, their visibility is recent. This may be due to the fact that, though most of the society's recent failures were predicted by von Hayek and some of his disciples decades ago, the neocon writing has been based to a fine and passionate point by the terrible happenings of the 60s and 70s—in the face of urban riots, the drug culture, the breakdown of the family, violence and crime. And the craft of their writing, their superior skill as journalists and polemicists, is seen and acknowledged even by those, like Stenfilo, who don't agree with them. ☐

Lots of giggles but few laughs

MR. JOB
by Richard Braithwaite
(Corgi: hard \$14.95)

There is less to this novel than meets the eye, but that's not saying much no matter where your gaze alights. In *Mrs. Job*, you're assaulted by an outrageous jumble of characters and misunderstandings and merge along at a permanent trot. As long as you don't pause for breath or thought, you might relish the romp. The tone is brisk and meta; the characters are frequently

depressed; the end result is tinged with sadness.

Mrs. Job is a comedy of manners, but Irish and Canadian manners, and Victoria Braden, a middle-aged Ontarian whose first book this is, occasionally resembles a female, theatrical *Barry Manilow*. She is, alas, not so funny, accomplished, brief or endearing. Her plot drops out over a giddy swirl of years, three or four plots are always on the both. Meredith Doyle, the wry and literate narrator, is carrying on a cheerful feud with God and (less confidently) fighting a occasional rear-guard action to keep her rebellious son, Nickie, out of the Catholic clutches of her dead lover's wife. Somehow this entails marriage to a gay musician, friendship with a local Quaker who gets entangled by a local Mafia, a court bid with neighbors called the Nupts, attempted seductions by a pimped adolescent... Fun, bluster and frolic, much ado about nothing.

Braden orchestrates the chaos with a deft, professional ease. *Mrs. Job* lacks the awkwardness of most first novels. Unless she was staring at higher things (love, psychic phenomena, the passage of time, the war of the sexes), in which case her reach exceeds her grasp. No matter: all too few Canadian novels have much sense of fun. Yet, when the civilized frenzy has blundered to its biggest end, you suddenly realize that despite a plethora of groan and gaggle, *Mrs. Job* has given few real laughs.

Mark Achter



Illustration by John Levenson

Elliptical tales of an anarchist-at-large

GREAT DAYS
by Donald Bell
(McGraw-Hill: paperback, \$10.95)

Imagine a conversation that begins, "What did you do today?" Then imagine the reply, "Went to the grocery store and kerowled a box of English muffins, two pounds of ground beef and an apple in Supermarket of the City-right! Art!" Imagine Corleone arriving Montana. "But you were to stay with me a while." "Thank you but I'd rather not." "We'll have games and in the evenings, home movies." The people wouldn't understand! Donald Barthelme, wretched-at-large of American letters—he understands. Such situations are the warp and wool of his newest collection of stories, *Previous Barthelme* collections include *City Life*, *Unpleasant Amnesia*, *Consensual Acts* and *Amnesia*. Most of the names, now as before, started up in the pages of *The*

New Yorker; most are quite splendid. Barthelme is a crackle, a novelist whose perversity seems to laggy coexistence with the lazing spirit of postmodernism.

The most striking use of the dialogue form in the present collection occurs in the title piece. Like most of the others, its tone is wryful. Two middle-aged women exchange gossip about their disappointments, affairs, children, wifely services. One of the women shows the other paintings; the paintings are literal representations of wounded women. The conversational interruption—"Mama's Centre and One Right"—right again they are police dispatchers. Then again, it might not. More important is the peculiar intensity Barthelme achieves through the surreal flow of varied rhythms and speech patterns that make up their conversation. A lot of it is in the language of the subconscious. Resonance is achieved by ironic juxtaposition, familiar phrases rolling up against unfamiliar contexts. The results of this strategy are frequently hilarious. At other times, the profound rage they suggest can be truly unsettling.

John Levenson

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 *The Maltese Cross*, Loftin (7)
 - 2 *The Last Foxhunting Hunt*, Emerson (2)
 - 3 *Good as Gold*, Heller (3)
 - 4 *Shibumi*, Tanizaki (7)
 - 5 *War and Remembrance*, Wuk (4)
 - 6 *The Island*, Maclean (4)
 - 7 *Overland*, Heller (3)
 - 8 *Skipper's Choice*, Bryant (3)
 - 9 *The Pigeon Project*, Wallace (10)
 - 10 *Chessplayers*, Mitchell
- NOV. 12-19
- 1 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit*, From Inflation, Shulman (1)
 - 2 *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet*, Baranov, Dekker (4)
 - 3 *Second Season*, Freeman (2)
 - 4 *Quell Shoes*, Martin (6)
 - 5 *The Powers That Be*, Matheson (2)
 - 6 *Lauren French: Esq. Myself, Dead* (3)
 - 7 *Brook's Brain*, Saper
 - 8 *At One With the Sea*, James (10)
 - 9 *How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years*, Pull
 - 10 *Mechanics of Death*, Morgan (3)

1. This list last week presented with that of the Canadian best-seller, Vancouver



Films

Growing up is hard to do

THE WANDERERS

Directed by Philip Kaufman

Some movies reach inside you and never let go. They become an indelible part of your experience. They freeze time—remind you of who you were, what you hoped to be and, for better or worse, what you became. You can always go back to them when you need them, they're like good people and certain pieces of music in that way. Philip Kaufman's and and joyous *The Wanderers*, with its 34-karat kindness, is that kind of movie. It's also the first to tell when and how the great social shift of the '60s came about. It leaves a mark that's a kind of tattoo—as hard and as resonant as a heart with an arrow through it.

The time is 1963. The place is in Brazil. Every corner of every gang—the Wanderers, the Farhan Baddies, the Worms, the Del Bombers and the frenzied Ducky Boys—tries to walk like a man. Big girls don't cry. Certainly not big boys. They snarl, zap, feel, look

for rocky Girls walk on by in tight sweaters. Urban blight has begun. Parents drink, beat their kids, slip across the dim hallways for sex. Schools, by now blackboard jungles, have become unbearable real American graffiti. The boys in the Wanderers—Richie (Ken Wahl), Joey (John Friedrich), Perry (Tony Gatlif), Turkey (Alan Rosenberg)—run into other gangs, wonder why they're loved at home, what they'll do with their lives. They're the original lonely crowd.

The music of *The Wanderers*—Don the Four Seasons, The Shirelles—serves as a running double-edged commentary on the action. As in Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets*, there's a frenzied, jiggling rhythm. The music is part of the story's life—and with most of the nostalgic sentimentality spilled out, Kaufman and his wife, Rose, have adapted Richard Price's book spinodically, charging the movie with a jump, nervous energy. Contrasting scenes of conflicting emotional weight pull you out of

The Wanderers.

(Inset) Extend your little toe. Joede with Linda Mar

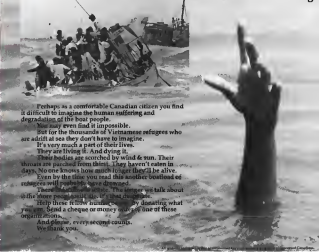
conspiracy: after a playfully erotic game of strip poker, you're shoved into a surreal encounter with the Ducky Boys. Starring shot by Kaufman's cinematographer on location of the *Body Snatchers*, Michael Chapman) and edited, these scenes represent high-flying American movie-making at its absolute finest. Kaufman doesn't direct, he debauches.

Obscured by his gang, having betrayed his pal Joey at a party with a girl named Nina (Karen Allen), Richie is walking despondently down a street. As he turns a corner he sees a crowd gathered quietly crying, swishing a stone window blind with its sets. Kennedy is shot in Dallas. On the sound track, the gentle beat of Ben E. King's *Stand By Me*. No I won't be afraid, I won't be afraid. Just as long as you stand, stand by me. End of an era.



IMAGINE YOURSELF IN THE SAME BOAT.

A Holocaust in the making?



Perhaps as a comfortable Canadian citizen you find it difficult to imagine the human suffering and degradation of the boat people.

You may even find it impossible.

But for the thousands of Vietnamese refugees who are adrift at sea they don't have to imagine.

It's very much a part of their lives.

They are living it. And dying it.

Their bodies are scorched by wind & sun. Their throats are parched from thirst. They haven't eaten in days. No one knows how much longer they'll be alive.

Even by the time you read this another boatload of refugees will probably have drowned.

There's nothing you can do. The longer we talk about the more people die. It's a cruel tragedy.

Help these fellow human beings by donating what you can. Send a cheque or money order to one of these organizations.

And please, every second counts.

We thank you.

The following charity organizations are strictly non-profit. One hundred percent of all donations will be used towards the benefit of the Boat People. All donations are tax deductible and please fill out the form below for your receipt.

CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

For Donations Emergency Relief

at Red Cross Society East, Toronto Ontario
MAY 296-705 (H88) 522-4000

All funds donated will be used for emergency relief for boat people and refugees in camps in South East Asia. PLEASE MAKE "RELIEF PEOPLE" ON BOTH CHEQUE OR MONEY ORDER AND ENVELOPE

OPERATION LIFELINE

For Sponsorship

C/o Hall, 1st Floor, East Tower, MSB 2V3
Tel: (416) 347-7979

Money donated will be directed into a "Crutch Fund" account to cover health movement in sponsorship. For information about the sponsorship program, please enclose a self-addressed envelope and write to Operation Lifeline at the above address.

INASMUCH

For Emergency Sponsorship in Canada

8 York Street, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1K2
Tel: (416) 588-0786

This organization operates under the name used as "Welcome Home". All funds donated will provide clothing and supplies to the refugees.

Name _____	Name _____	Name _____
Address _____	Address _____	Address _____
_____ Tel _____	_____ Tel _____	_____ Tel _____

Behind the myths of bravery and pluck, there was no pride or glory at Dieppe

By Alan Fotheringham

Engrained in the memory bank of every Canadian adult are those heroic battles: Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal, Midway, Corregidor, Guam. They are, of course, famous American war names, drilled into our complacent minds 30 years ago by a barrage of Saturday afternoon movies featuring those celebrated soldiers in the foxholes, firing John Wayne. Because we did not have a propaganda news industry, Canadians even now know little about

what happened in North Africa. Churchill and Anthony Eden, fearing Stalin might strike a deal with Hitler, pressed for this Canadian raid on "lightly defended Dieppe" to impress the Soviets.

Ordered by their political bosses to attempt a dubious task, the military chiefs indicated their lack of enthusiasm in a strange way. Army planners said three essentials were necessary for the one-day raid: airborne troops, heavy air bombing, bombardment from a battleship. All three were denied. As incredible as it seems even to a layman,



On Aug. 26 to 28, The Dieppe Veterans and Prisoners of War Association will hold a reunion at Port Hope, Ontario. There aren't too many left to attend. Out of 5,946 soldiers who landed on the Dieppe beaches that August day of 1942, only 1,443 made it back across the Channel to England. By contrast, the Germans had only 500 killed or wounded. Yet there has never been any serious examination in this country as to the blame, the spectacle (and civil cynicism) horror in the planning. We have no Adolf Hitler, no John Wayne, to conduct a military autopsy.

Dieppe was a military disaster, so the modern-day version of the charge of the Light Brigade. Richard Lamb, a British war historian, fully labels it "the worst-planned battle in military history." The essential problem is that it was executed for nonmilitary reasons. As a result, Canadian casualties were an incredible 68 per cent. This wasn't war. It was execution.

The main beach assault was planned for bright daylight—30 minutes after the defenders were alerted by assaults on the flanks.

Even the dress rehearsal in Britain were faked up, the units landing miles from their objective. After another false start, General Montgomery recommended that the Dieppe raid be cancelled forthwith. But Churchill was due to fly to Moscow Aug. 12 and wanted to please Stalin with plans for a major assault on Porten Europe. Lord Mountbatten, commander of Combined Operations, ordered the doomed plan to press ahead.

With no air support, no heavy naval bombardment, the disaster pressed on. Most refused to have anything to do with it. The first landing craft crossing the Channel ran into a German conveyor. The fight at sea alerted Dieppe's German defenders. The commandos landing in the dark on the flanks of the town had success—though the Germans' divisional headquarters they were to

capture had been vacated four months before. Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Merrett, later a Tory MP and civil practitioner in Vancouver, won a Victoria Cross for his courage in leading the South Saskatchewan Regiment.

Elsewhere, it was courage that could have been (and was, in military circles) professed. Just at daylight, so the German machine-gunners could see them clearly, the main assault troops landed on the open beach in front of the town promenade. The tanks due to land simultaneously with them were 15 minutes late. For these first 15 minutes, the Essex Scottish Regiment and the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry had no support of any kind and were mowed down "in shock," as they tried to run across the beach (Hanson with rage at the slaughter, Canadian troops in the town shot easy of their German prisoners).

In one landing craft, some 30 soldiers refused to land when they saw the expect of dead laid out on the beaches. An inquiry later in England was told of some troops being forced by Canadian officers to land at sunrise point. Lamb has written: "The wonder was not that a tiny few cracked, but that so many went courageously to certain death."

Ironically, the Canadian command ordered Les Fusiliers Mont-Royals and the Royal Marine Commandos to make a second frontal assault on the beach. A wall of machine-gun bullets leaped through the wooden landing craft of Les Fusiliers (there were no steel ones left). When Lieutenant-Colonel J.P. Phillips landed his Royal Marines in bright sunlight and saw what was happening, he raised his hands and waved his boots back, shouting: "For God's sake, go back." Then he fell dead.

There has never been, to repeat, any serious examination in this country of an event that was supposed to be the greatest moment of Canada in the Second World War. There was nothing good about it at all. Canine fodder for political ends.

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